

BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH BORDER

By

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Edited with

Introduction, Glossary and Notes

by

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LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

First Printed 1927

Printed in Great Britain by Woods and Sons Ltd London, N. 1

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INTRODUCTION

THE English Borderland and more particularly Northumberland was first revealed to Swinburne when, as a child, he journeyed with his parents to Capheaton, the seat of his paternal grandfather. Many holidays were spent in this northern home and gradually the boy began to feel his young imagination fired by all the allurement of the Border country. In his daily rambles on foot, in his pony escapades over the moors, there rose before him the vision of an England of the past when feudal forts dotted the rugged landscape and escutcheoned knights rode forth to seek adventure. He grew to love the wooded hill slopes and the trackless wastes of gorseland that stretched far into the horizon with its distant rumble of a restless sea. And when, in later years, he thought of this part of England where

“ nought of Legend’s dream
Outshines the truth ”

he found a secret pride in tracing his descent to an ancient Border clan of the Swinburnes, and even went so far as to characterise certain of his compositions as those of a Borderer.

While yet in his teens he became an ardent student of Northumbrian history which led him to investigate the wealth of local balladry, and this in turn opened up to his vista the more extensive field of Border folk-lore. In the pages of the “Minstrelsy” and the “Reliques” where Scott and Percy had gathered the gleanings of historical and popular song, Swinburne found a subject of strong appeal to his deep sense of poetic inspiration. His enthusiasm grew with his reading. From those authorities he passed to the collections of Kinloch, Jamieson, and Motherwell, only to find that much had yet to be

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discovered in the works of Buchan, Head and the more obscure collectors of ancient rhymes. So proficient did he become through all this wide, intensive reading that many competent critics agreed with Rossetti in ranking Swinburne first among the authorities on the subject.

Such research, pursued with meticulous care, was not to prove unfruitful. From 1858 onwards, Swinburne had the definite aim in view of re-writing certain ballads and here he utilised every available version and shied of a theme. By skilful interpolation of stanzas from various renderings and by adding or substituting his own interpretation when necessary, he succeeded in reconstructing a number of ballads which could easily deceive the most sceptical critic of their authenticity. No one appreciated more fully this marvellous, assimilative talent of the poet than William Morris, himself a ballad-monger, when he wrote that if Swinburne were to introduce his own verses in a ballad they would be indistinguishable from the "original stuff". In these reproductions, as in his contemporary French work, Swinburne revealed a special and distinct province of his genius.

In the task of re-setting a ballad he combined a wealth of literary judgment with the finer qualities of poetical appreciation. Thus, in the many ballads and songs celebrating Hugh of Lincoln he gave careful consideration to all extant versions, from the earliest by Percy to those of Motherwell, Head, and Brydges, not omitting the study of variants to be found in the pages of Jamieson, Michel, Hume, or Halliwell. From the first three he selected certain stanzas and reconstructing these into an harmonious whole, gave it the title of "The Jew's Daughter". In order to complete the work a critical note was added indicating the sources of study and including comparisons of different stanzas. Such is a typical example of the method adopted with most of the ballads contained in the first part of this volume, and it is worthy of note that the "Minstrelsy" of Scott appears to have been his chief work of reference, just as

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in his notes there is ample evidence of his indebtedness to the ballad collection of Professor Child

Although it may seem at first to be merely a question of reconstruction, based on the collation of various texts, a comparison of Swinburne's version with others of the same ballad will prove that his debt to the former collectors was not so great as would appear. His method of punctuation differed from that of the stanzas he interpolated, and his spelling in dialect was not always in accordance with established practice. Even in his borrowings he did not hesitate to alter the order of certain words so as to suit his particular taste in verbal sonority and choice of vocabulary. Thus the individual touch of the master is evident in almost every verse of the ballad.

From such work Swinburne proceeded to the more ambitious and, at the same time, more difficult task of re-writing completely an old ballad, be it for the reason that he was not content with previous versions or that he simply wished to essay his skill in pastiches of ancient themes. "The Worm of Spindleston-leugh" offers a good example of this. The subject did not belong particularly to Border folk-lore but was a favourite in the ballad literature of Northern Europe. One version was printed by Hutchinson in 1776 and most probably Swinburne gained some suggestions from it as from others, but the ballad he composed bears little or no resemblance to any extant. The success of his venture, as Sir Edmund Gosse has pointed out, can only be properly appreciated by comparing the text here included with several of those in circulation during the last years of the 18th century. In the same way Swinburne took up the themes of "Lord Scales," "Earl Robert," "Duriesdike" and numerous other ballads.

From reconstruction and imitation the art of Swinburne passed to yet a third stage that of the modern, refined version. This change in treatment was directly due to the influence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti whose counsel he highly valued and to whom, it appears, the ballads were recited. In the opinion of

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the Pre-Raphaelite poet the work of Swinburne in this sphere had hitherto been somewhat uncouth and lacked the delicacy of Victorian verse, although, in reality, its strong savour of northern dialect was more evocative of Border atmosphere than any of the so-called "modern" imitations of the time. Thus, in ballads such as "May Janet," "The King's Daughter," "The Brothers," etc., the theme was suggested to Swinburne perhaps by a title in the "Minstrelsy" or by a name common in balladry or even by a half-line of some Border song, and in such work the matter was entirely new while the chief aim was a judicious use of dialect in a setting more purely English. These last examples of the poet's skill demonstrate with what ease and felicity he could bring the Border ballad to meet the requirements of modern interpretation.

In anticipation of publishing the greater part of all this work Swinburne drafted a preface which, as it stands, is a disappointing introduction to so important a collection. It must be regarded, however, as incomplete. As with other projects of this period of feverish activity in drama, criticism, verse, and novel writing, that of a ballad collection never matured. The explanation may be traced partly to the fact that in 1857-8 Professor Child published his "English and Scottish Ballads," and that in 1858 and 1861 appeared Aytoun's "Ballads of Scotland," while in 1865 Allingham added yet another contribution to the list. As his bibliographer has suggested, Swinburne most probably abandoned his idea of a collection during the last months of 1861.

Although uncollected, certain ballads found their way into print. In 1862 Swinburne published for the first time one of his Border ballads; two more were included in the "Poems & Ballads" of 1866, while in 1877 eight reached the stage of type in the galley-proofs of an unfinished novel "Lesbia Brandon." Another appeared in 1888 and in the following year those of 1877, with a few emendations in the text, supplemented the contents of the Third Series of "Poems & Ballads." Finally, in 1894, the poet decided to include in "Astrophel and

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other Poems," the remaining ballads which he wished to publish during his lifetime. After his death in 1909 some seventeen more were discovered and issued in limited editions for private circulation by Theodore Watts-Dunton and Thomas James Wise, with prefaces and prefatory notes contributed for the most part by Sir Edmund Gosse. Recent research has added a few others which, until now, have remained unpublished. With two or three exceptions the manuscripts of all the ballads are in the private Swinburnean collection of Thomas James Wise.

The present volume represents the composite work of Swinburne in Border balladry with the possible omission of what was said to have been destroyed by the poet himself. An arrangement of the contents into groups will show the three distinct stages of progress in this branch of the poet's art. In the first group are included the ballads which he has "reset," mainly by interpolation from different texts, and where, in his opinion, he has reconstructed a trustworthy version, as far as such is possible, of each ballad story. To the imitations comprising the second group are relegated those ballads in which the poet has treated a favourite Border theme in his own way without quotation from any anterior version. In such work Swinburne has carried the difficult art of successful pastiche to inimitable perfection. The modern ballads of the third group conclude the series and represent the last efforts in balladry of Swinburne, when, under Pre-Raphaelite influence, he introduced greater refinement in the choice both of subject and language.

Few poets or collectors have left to posterity so representative a series of ballads dealing with the English Borderland. In connection with certain of these, objection may be raised to their designation as "English," but this is precisely what Swinburne wished to emphasise. Indeed his introduction, despite its weak points, constitutes an effective reply to Andrew Lang's suggestion that poets south of the Tweed had better

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leave Scottish ballads alone. Swinburne was proud of the English ballad ; he championed its cause and sought to redeem its intrinsic value even at the expense of disparaging or attacking the northern usurpers of English song. To a certain extent he succeeded in retrieving a lost heritage ; his ingenuity and talent have contributed to enrich it in a volume where dialect, atmosphere and theme combine to evoke an almost forgotten age.

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY,
MANCHESTER.

1924.

THE BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH BORDER

(DRAFT OF A PREFACE BY SWINBURNE)

THE most famous Scotchman of the last generation was fond of quoting his master's inimitable and unanswerable query—“Can you teach me how to jump off my own shadow?” The most illustrious Scotchman of all time bore evidence that he at all events could not perform that feat, when he gave to one of the most valuable books in our language the misleading and indeed mendacious title—“Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.” Even Sir Walter Scott—a name not less beloved of Englishmen than of Scotchmen, and only less cherished than the name of Shakespeare—could not jump off the shadow of his birth; could not, however unconscious and unsuspicuous of any lurking touch in his own noble nature of provincial vanity and insincerity, be fair and honest, according to the limited lights of English loyalty and veracity, when dealing with an apparently debatable question between Scotland and England. It needs no more acquaintance with the Borderland than may be gathered from print by an English cockney or a Scotch highlander, to verify the palpable and indisputable fact than even if England can claim no greater share than Scotland in the splendid and incomparable ballad literature which is one of the crowning glories, historic or poetic, of either kingdom, Scotland assuredly can claim no greater share in it than England: and that the blatant Caledonian boobies whose ignorance is impudent enough to question the claims of the English ballad—nay, even to deny its existence, and consequently the existence of any ballads dealing with any such unheard of heroes as Robin Hood, Guy of Gisborne, Adam Bell, Clym o' the Cleugh, and William of Cloudesley,—may be confuted and put to shame, if shame be

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possible for such thick-skinned audacity to feel or understand, by the veriest smatterer who has an honest and intelligent eye in his impartial head. Quite as reasonably and quite as truthfully might Englishmen deny the existence of Scottish songs or ballads, and claim for their own country the parentage of all that glorious and spontaneous poetry which is, or should be, at this time of day the common pride and delight of us all, but Englishmen do nothing of the kind, and never did, and never will.

No man, I hope and believe, would have regarded any false and mean and malignant assumptions or impertinences, of which the baser sort among his scribbling countrymen might have been guilty, with more indignant and contemptuous disgust than Sir Walter Scott. But if—as seems only too certain—he did really cherish the envious provincial superstition that the Tweed rather than the Tyne or the Tees divided the native land of ballads from the land in which they are not indigenous, the retribution which befell his vain conceit was as perfect as Northumbrian devotion could have desired or Northumbrian humour could have devised. *Suitees*, not Scott, is the name of the one modern poet who has written ballads fit to be named and able to hold their own with all but the best of our ballads, no Scotchman—Scott of “*Glenfinlas*” or Leyden of ‘*The Mermaid*,’ or Hogg or Jamieson or Motherwell himself—has ever done that. And all the world knows how precious and unquestionable for antiquity were the ballads of *Suitees* in the eyes of Scott.

But this is of course a secondary, though of course a significant matter. What is not to be borne, and has been borne too long, is that English poems of immortal and incomparable beauty should be flaunted before the faces of Englishmen, as evidence of the fact that England is incapable and Scotland is capable of producing such work by spontaneous inspiration of impulse. It is impossible to distinguish by difference of dialect—transcribed or transcriptible—a poem born a little to the

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north or a little to the south of the Border. But if the evidence of locality is not to be accepted as sufficient, England might claim from Scotland that loveliest of all her numberless lovely songs, in which Arthur's Seat and St. Anton's Well are glorified beyond the glory of Helicon and Ida. It would be quite as fair and quite as reasonable to assume that this crowning flower of Scottish poetry belongs to England as to maintain that the finest of all ballads dealing with fairyland does not. At its opening, all maidens are forbidden, and for very sufficient reasons, "to come or gang by Carterhaugh."*

A. C. SWINBURNE.

[^{*} In the MS. the following lines have been cancelled in pencil: "Now, if Carterhaugh is in Scotland, I'm a Scotchman: and, as Mr. Peggotty expresses it, 'I can't say no fairer than that.' The Young Tamlane, then, is as certainly and evidently an English ballad as Waly Waly is a Scottish song." A reference to Lockhart, v. 116, is inserted above the cancellation.—ED.]

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ANCIENT BALLADS

THE DEMON LOVER

“ **O** WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more? ”
“ O I’ve come to seek my former vows
You granted me before.”—

“ O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife ;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.”

He turned him right and round about
And the tear blinded his ee ;
“ I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

“ I might have had a king’s daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king’s daughter
If it had not been for the love o’ thee.”—

“ I despised the crown of gold,
The yellow silk also ;
And I am come to my true love,
But wi’ me she will not go.”

“ If ye might have had a king’s daughter,
Yoursell ye hae to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king’s daughter,
For ye kent that I was nane.”

“ O false are the vows of womenkind,
But fair is their false body ;
I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for the love o’ thee.

“ O what hae you to keep me wi’,
If I should with you go ?
If I would leave my husband dear,
My little young babes also ? ”—

“ I hae seven ships upon the sea,
Laden wi’ the finest gold ;
And mariners to wait us upon ;
All these you may behold.”

“ And I hae shoes for my love’s feet,
Beaten o’ the purest gold,
And lined wi’ the velvet soft,
To keep my love’s feet frae the cold.”

She’s tane up her little young babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin ;
“ O fare ye weel, my ain twa babes,
For I’ll never see you again.”

She set her foot upon the ship,
Nae mariners could she behold,
But the sails were of the taffetie
And the masts o’ the beaten gold.

“ O how do you love the ship,” he said
“ Or how do you love the sea ?
Or how do you love the bold mariners
That wait upon thee and me ? ”

“ O I do love the ship,” she said,
And I do love the sea ,
But woe be to the dim mariners
That nowhere I can see ”

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance
And drumlie grew his ee

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot
And wept right bitterly

“ O hold your tongue of your weeping,” he says,
“ Of your weeping now let me be ,
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy ”—

“ O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ? ”
“ O yon aie the hills of heaven,” he said,
“ Where you will never win ”—

“ O whatten a mountain is yon,” she said,
“ All so dreary wi’ frost and snow ? ”
“ O yon is the mountain of hell,” he said,
“ Where you and I will go ”

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seem’d for to be ,
Until that the tops o’ that gallant ship,
Nae taller were than he

He strak the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee ;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

WALY, WALY

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly by yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae
I set my back intill an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ,
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ,
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And say's he'll never love me mair

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall neer be filed by me ,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

"Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
"Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
When mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a'
Then shall my love prove true to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad i' the black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.
When we came in by Edinburgh
We were a fair sight to behold ;
My love was clad in cramasie
And I myself in the beaten gold.

But, had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a kist o' goud,
And pinned it with a siller pin.
Oh ! Oh ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone !
For a maid again I'll never be.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE

“ **O** I forbid ye, maidens a’,
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gang by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there

“ There’s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad ,
Either gowd rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead

“ Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin ,
But gin ye lose your maidenhead,
Ye’ll ne’er get that again ”

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
The fairest of a’ her kin ,
“ I’ll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o’ him ”

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little abune her knee ,
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himself

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A rose baith red and green ;
When by it came him, young Tamlane,
Says—“Lady, let abene.

“What gars ye pu' the rose, Janet ?
What gars ye break the tree ?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh
Withouten leave o' me ?”

Says—“I will pu' the rose, the rose,
And I will break the tree ;
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee.”

He's tane her by the milk-white hand,
Amang the roses green ;
He's laid her low on good green leaves,
A' for her body's seen.

He's tane her by the milk-white hand
Amang the roses red ;
He's laid her low on fair flowers,
To take her maidenhead.

When she came to her father's court,
She looked pale and wan ;
They thought she'd dred some sair sickness,
Or been wi' some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair
Nor make mickle of her head ;
And ilka thing that lady took,
Was like to be her dead.

It's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
Janet, the wightest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass

Out and spak an auld giey-headed knight,
Lay ower the castle wa',
" And ever, alas ! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a '"

" Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,
And an ill dead may ye die,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee "

And then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild,
" And ever, alas ! my sweet Janet,
I hear ye gae with child "

" And if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame,
There's ne'er a knight about your ha'
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

" If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin giey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae "

She's prinked hersell and prinn'd hersell
By the ae light of the moon,
And she's away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himself.

She hadn'a pu'd a rose, a rose,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came him, young Tamlane,
Says—"Lady, let alone.

"O why pu' ye the pile, Janet,
The pile o' the gravel green,
And a' to kill the bonny bairn,
That we got us between ?"

"O why pu' ye the pile, Janet,
The pile o' the gravel grey,
And a' to kill the bonny bairn
That we got in our play ?

"For if it be a knave bairn
He's heir of a' my land ;
But if it be a lass bairn
In red gowd she shall gang.

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,
A word ye maunna lie ;
Gin e'er ye was in holy chapel,
Or sained in Christentie ?"

“ The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie,
A knight me got and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee

“ Roxburgh was a hunting knight,
And loved hunting well,
As I rode east and west yon hill,
This ill thing me befel

“ Roxburgh was my grandfather,
Took me with him to ride,
And as we fiae the hunting came
This harm did me betide

“ There came a wind out o' the noirth
A sharp wind and a well,
And drowsy, drowsy as I was,
Down fiae my horse I fell

“ The Queen of Fairies keppit me
In yon green hill to dwell,
Then wad I never tue, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell

“ But aye, at every seven year's end
They pay the teind to hell,
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be myself

“ The night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday,
And they that will their true love win
They have sma' time to stav

“ The night it is good Hallowe’cn,
When fairy folk will ride ;
Thro’ England and thro’ a’ Scotland
And thro’ the world wide.

“ O they begin at sky-setting
Ride a’ the evening tide ;
And she that will her true love borrow
At Miles Cross maun him bide.”

“ But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane,
Or how shall I thee knew,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw ? ”

“ Ye’ll do ye down to Miles Cross
Between twae’ hours and ane,
And full your hand o’ holy water,
And cast your compass roun’.

“ The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae ;
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae ;
The third company that passes by,
Then I’ll be ane o’ thae.

“ The firsten court that comes you till
Is published king and queen ;
The neisten court that comes you till
It is maidens mony ane.

“ First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown ;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu’ the rider down.

“ For I ride on the milk-white steed,
A gowd star on my crown,
Because I was a christened knight
They gave me that renown

“ They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask,
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast

“ They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad of a'rn,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
And I'll father your bairn

“ They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
Like iron in strong fires,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
And ye'll have your desires

First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
I'll be your bairn's father

They'll turn me in your aims, Janet,
Like to a silken string,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Till ye see the fau moining

“ They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A tod but and an eel,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
As you do love me weel

“ They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A dove but and a swan ;
They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A mother-naked man ;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
I’ll be myself again.”

Then she has done her to Miles Cross
Between twae hours and anc ;
She’s filled her hands o’ holy water,
And cast her compass roun’.

About the dead hour o’ the night,
She heard the bridles ring ;
And Janet was as glad o’ that,
As any earthly thing.

The firsten court that came her till
Was published king and queen ;
The neisten court that came her till
Was maidens mony anc.

And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And syne gaed by the brown ;
She gripped her to the milk-white steed,
And pu’d the rider down.

She’s tane the horse then by the head,
And loot the bridle fa’ ;
And up there raise an erlich cry,
“ He’s won amang us a’ ! ”

He grew into her arms two
An esk but and an adder ;
She held him fast, let him not pass,
He was her bairn’s father.

He grew into her arms two,
An adder and a snake,
~~She~~ held him fast, let him not pass,
He was hei world's make

He grew into hei arms two,
Like iron in strong fire,
She held him fast, let not him pass,
And she gat hei desire

He grew into her arms two,
Like to a silken string,
She held him fast, let him not pass,
Till she saw fair morning

He grew into her arms two,
~~A dove~~ but and a swan,
He grew into her aims two
A mother-naked man,
She held him fast, let him not pass,
And sae her true love wan

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies
Out of a bush of broom,
“ She that hath gotten young Tamlane
Has gotten a stately groom ”

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush of 1ye,
“ She's tane awa the bonniest knight
In a' my companie ”

“ But had I kenn'd, Tamlane,” she says,
“ A lady wad borrowed thee,
I wad tane out thy twa' grey een,
Put in twa een o' tree

‘ Had I but kenn’d Tamlane,’ she says,
“ Before ye came frae hame,
I wad tane out your heart o’ flesh,
Put in a heart o’ stane ”

‘ Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae coft the day
I’d paid my kane seven times to hell
Or you’d been won away

BONDSEY AND MAISRY

O COME along wi' me, brother,
Now come along wi' me,
And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry
Into the water o' Dee

The eldest brother he steppit in,
He steppit to the knee,
Then out he jumped upo' the bank,
Says, " This water's nae fo' me "

The second brother he steppit in,
He steppit to the quit,
Then out he jumped upo' the bank,
Says, " This water's won'rrous deep."

The third brother he steppit in,
He steppit to the chin,
Out he gat and forward wade,
For fear o' drowning him

The youngest brother he steppit in,
Took his sister by the han',
Says, " Here she is, my sister Maisry,
Wi' the honey draps on her chin.

" O if I were in some bonny ship,
And in some strange countrie,
For to find out some cunning man
To gar Maisry speak to me ! "

Then out it speaks an auld w^man,
A laidly thing to see,
Says—" Let the salt upon hei mouth
And the bread upon her knee ,
And take a sprinkle o' the wan water
And shed it abune her ee ”

‘ The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn hei burial day ,
And ye maun watch at mirk midnight
To hear what she will say ”

About the middle o' the night
The cocks began to craw ,
And at the dead hour o' the night
The corpse began to thaw

“ O sister, tell me who is the man,
That did your body win ?
And likewise who is the evil man
That threw you in the linn ? ”

“ O Bondsey was the only man
That did my body win .
And likewise Bondsey was the man
That threw me in the linn ”

“ O will we Bondsey head, sister,
Or will we Bondsey hang ?
Or will we set him at our bow end,
Let arrows at him gang ? ”

“ Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,
Nor will ye Bondsey hang ,
But ye'll pike out his twa grey een,
Make Bondsey blind to gang ”

“ Ye'll put to the gate a chain of gold,
A rose garland gar make,
And ye'll put that on Bondsey's head,
A' for your sister's sake ”

THE BONNY HYND

O MAY she comes, and May she goes,
Down by yon gardens green ,
And there she spied a gallant squire
As squire had ever been

And May she comes, and May ~~she goes~~,
Down by yon hollin tree ,
And there she spied a brisk young squire
And a brisk young squire was he

“ Give me your green mantle, fair maid,
It’s no for you a weed ,
Gin ye winna give me your green mantle,
Give me your maidenhead ”

He’s tane her by the milk-white hand
And saftly laid her down ,
And when he’s lifted her up again,
He’s gien her a siller comb

“ Perhaps there may be bauns, kind sir,
Perhaps there may be name ,
But if you be a courtier
You’ll tell me soon your name ”

“ I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But new come frae the sea ,
I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But when I court wi’ thee

“ They call me Jock, when I’m abroad,
Sometimes they call me John ,
But when I’m in my father’s bower
Jock Randal is my name ”

“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee ,
For I’m Lord Randal’s ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me ”

“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny May
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee ,
For I’m Lord Randal’s ae ae son
Just new come ower the sea ”

She’s putten her hand down by her gare
And out she’s tane a knife ,
She’s soaked it in her bonny heart’s blood
And twined herself o’ life.

And he has tane up his bonny sister,
Wi’ the saut tear in his een ,
And he has buried his bonny sister
Amang the hollins green

And syne he’s hied him ower the dale
His father dear to see ,
“ Sing Oh ! and Oh ! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath yon hollin tree ! ”

“ What needs you care for your bonny hynd,
For it you needna care,
Take you the best, gie me the waist,
Since plenty is to spare ”—

“ I carena for your hynd, my lord,
I carena for your fee,
But Oh ! and Oh ! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree ! ”

“ O were ye at your sister’s bower,
Your sister fair to see,
You’ll think nae mair o’ your bonny hynd
Beneath the hollin tree ”

THE EARL OF ERROL

O ERROL's place is a bonny place,
It stands upon yon plain,
The flowers on it grow red and white,
The apples red and green

The raubing o't and the daubing o't
According as ye ken,
The thing we ca' the daubing o't
Is—Errol's no a man !

O Errol's place is a bonny place,
It stands upon yon plain ,
But what's the use of Errol's place,
He's no like other men ?

As I came in by yon canal
And by yon bowling-green,
I might have pleased the best Carnegie
That ever boie the name

As sure as your name is Kate Carnegie
And mine is Gibbie Hay,
I'll gar your father sell Kinnaird
Your tocher for to pay

To gar my father sell his land
Wad it not be a sin,
To tocher ony weary dwarf
That canna tocher win ?

Now she is oan to Edinburgh
A' for to try the law,
And Errol he has followed her
His manhood for to shaw

What needs me wash my apron
Or dry ot upon a door?
What needs me eke my petticoat
Hings even down befor?

What needs me wash my apron
Or hing it upon a pin?
For lang will I gang but and ber
Or I hear my young son's din

Then out it spak her sister,
Whose name was Lady Anne,
Had I been Lady Errol, she says,
Or come of Errol's clan,
I wad not in this public way
Have shamed my ain gudeman.

But Errol got it in his mind
To choice a maid himself,
And he has tane a weel-faured may
Came in hei milk to sell

Look up, look up, my weel-faured may,
Look up and think no shame,
I'll gie to thee five hunder mark
To bear to me a son

He took her by the milk-white hand
And led her up the green,
And twenty times he kissed her mouth
Before his lady's een

When they were laid in the proof bed-
And a' the lords looking on,
Then a' the fifteen vowed and swore
That Eriol was a man

He kept her there into a room
Three quarters of a year,
And when the nine lang months were out
A braw young son she bare

And there was three thairbut, thairbut,
And there was three thairben,
And three looking ower the window-lin,
Crying "Errol's proved a man!"

And when the word gaed thro' the town
A cry the sentry gae,
O fair befa' vou, Eriol, now,
For you have won the day

O I'll tak off my robes of silk
And fling them ower the wa',
And I'll gae maiden hame again,
Awa', Errol, awa'!

Tak hame your daughter, Sir Carnegie,
And put her till a man,
For Errol cannot please her
Nor name o' Errol's men

And ilka day the piate was laid,
But and a siller spune,
And three times cried ower Eriol's yett,—
Lady Eriol, come and dine

The raubing o't and the daubing o't,
According as ye ken,
The thing they ca' the daubing o't
Lady Eriol lies her lane

PROUD LADY MARGARET

It was a sad and a rainy night
As ever rained fia town to town,
Lady Margaret looked ower her castle wa'
Beheld the fields sae brown

She was looking ower her castle high
To see what might her fa',
And there she saw a grieved ghost
Coming walking ower the wa'

"O are you a man o' mean," she says,
Seeking ony o' my meat?
Or are you a rank robber
Comin' my bower to break?"

"O I am neither a man o' mean
Nor yet a robber lown,
But I am a bonny kind squire
Rides in the fields sae brown

"A bed, a bed, now, Lady Margaret,
A bed, a bed, let me lie down,
For I am sae wet and sae weary
I canna gang a ride fia town"

“ You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots sae wide,
You seem to be some cunning hunter,
You weal the horn so side ”

“ I am nae cunning hunter,” he says,
“ Nor sic I seem to be ,
But I am come to this castle
A’ for the love of thee ,
And if ye winna grant me love,
My time is come that I maun die ”

“ If ye should die for me the night
Few for you will make meen ,
For mony gude lord’s done the same,
Their graves are growing green ’

“ O I’ll put smiths in your smithy
To shoe for you a steed ,
And I’ll put tailors in your bower
To shape to you a weed

“ I will put cooks in your kitchen
And butlers in your ha’ ,
And on the top o’ your father’s castle
I’ll ligg good corn and saw ”

“ If ye be some bonny kind squire
As I trust not ye be,
Ye’ll answer to me some three questions
That I shall ask at thee

“ Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale ?
And what is the bird, the bonny bonny bird,

Sings next the nightingale ?
And what is the finest thing," she says,
" That king or queen can wale ? "

" The primrose is the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale ,
And the thristlecock is the sweetest bird
Sings next the nightingale ,
And yellow gowd is the finest thing
That king or queen can wale "

" And what's the little coin," she says.
" Wad buy my castle bound ?
And what's the little boat," she says,
" Can sail the world all round ? "

" O hey, how mony sma' pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound ?
Or hey, how mony sma' fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round ? "

" Mony's the questions I've speired at thee
And ye've shewn me monything ,
But what is the seemliest light you'll see
Into a May morning ? "

" Berry brown ale in a birken spale
And wine in a horn green ,
A milkwhite lace in a fair maids' dress
Looks gay in a May morning "

" Ye've speired mony things at me, Lady,
And I've answered them a' ,
Ye are mine and I am thine
Among the sheets sae sma' "

“ I think ye maun be my match,” she said,
“ My match and something mair ,
There was never man ga^t sic a gran’
Out of my father’s heir

“ My father was lord of nine castles
My mother lady of three ,
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there’s nae to hei^t but me

“ And round about a’ thae castles;
You may both plough and saw ,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadow they will maw ”

“ O haud your tongue, Lady Ma^garet,” he says,
“ For loud I hear you lie ,
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three ,
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fall hei^t to but three

“ And round about a’ thae castles
You may baith plough and sae ,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw

“ I am your brother Willie,” he says,
I know ye kenna me ,
I am Willie your ae b^rther
Was far ayont the sea ”

“ Gin ye be Willie my ae b^rther,
This mickle marvels me ,
O wherein is your bonny arm,
Ye were wont to clip me wi’? ”

“ By worms they’re eaten , in mools they’re rotten ,
Behold, Margaret, and see ,
And mind, for a’ your mickle pride,
Sae shall become o’ thee ”

“ Gin ye be Willie, my ae brither,
Fu’ sair this marvels me ,
O wherein is your bonny lip,
Ye were wont to kiss me wi’ ? ”

“ By worms they’ie eaten, in mools they’ie rotten ,
Beheld, Margaret, and see ,
And mind, for a’ your mickle pride,
Sae will become o’ thee ”

“ Gin ye be Willie, my ae brither,
As I doubt sair ye be ,
I’ll draw to me my gowd cleidng,
And gang the night wi’ thee

“ O haud your tongue, Lady Margaret,” he says,
“ Again I hear you lie
For ye’ve unwashen hands and ye’ve unwashen feet,
To gang to-day wi’ me

“ My body is buried in Dumferline
And far ayont the sea ,
There’s nae rest in my body, Margaret,
A’ for the pride o’ thee

“ Leave off your pride, Lady Margaret,” he says,
“ Use it not ony mair,
For if ye come where I have been,
The wreak of it maun be sair

“ Cast off, cast off, Lady Margaret,” he says,
The gowd lace frae your crown ;
For if ye come where I have been
Ye’ll wear it lower down.

“ When ye’re set in the goodly kirk,
The gowd kills on your hair,
There is nae lady that sees your face
But wishes your pains were sair.

“ And when ye walk in the good kirk-yard
Wi’ the gold your gowns between,
There is nae lady that looks you upon
But wishes your grave were green.

“ But the wee worms are my bedfellows
And cauld clay is my sheet ;
And where the weary winds do blow
My body lies and sleeps.”

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

THE rain rins down through Miryland toun,
Sae does it down the Pa',
Sae does the boys of Miryland toun
When they play at the ba'

They toss the ball so high, so high,
They toss the ball so low,
They toss the ball in the Jew's garden
Where the Jews are sitting arow

Then out and came the Jew's daughter,
Clothed all in green,
"Come hither, come hither, my pretty Sir Hugh,
And fetch your ball again"

"I durst not come, I durst not go,
Without my schoolfellows a',
For gin my mither should chance to know
She wad gar my blood to fa'"

"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and speak to me,"
"I mayna came, I winna come,
Without my bonny boys three"

She's tane her to the Jew's garden
Where the grass grew lang and green,
She pulled an apple red and white
To wile the bonny boy in

She's wiled him in through ac chamber,
She's wiled him in through twa ;
She's wiled him in tell her ain
The flower out ower them a'

And she's tane out a little penknife ;
Hung low down by her gair ;
She's twined the young thing of his life,
A word he never spak mair.

And first came out the thick, thick blood
And syne came out the thin ;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood,
There was nae mair within.

She laid him on a dressing-board
And dressed him like a swine ;
Says—" Lie ye still there, my bonny Sir Hugh,
Wi' your apples red and green."

She rowed him in a cake of lead,
Says—" Lie ye there and sleep ;"
She cast him in the Jew's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rungen and mass was sungen,
And a' the bairns came hame,
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantle her about,
And sair sair gan she weep :
And she ran into the Jew's castle,
When they were all asleep.

“ My bonny Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray thee to me speak ”

“ O lady, rin to the deep draw-well,
Gin ye your son would seek ”

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her knee ,
“ My bonny Sir Hugh, if ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me ”

“ Oh, the lead it is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well it is wondrous deep ,
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak ”

“ Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Fetch me my winding sheet ,
And at the back of Mirryland toun
It’s there we twa shall meet ”

O the broom and the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom that makes full sore ,
A woman’s mercy is very little,
But a man’s mercy is more

BONNIE BAHOME

LORD Thomas and Lady Maisry
Were both born at one birth,
There was mair love betwecn thae twa
Than there was in a' the earth

Lord Thomas and Lady Maisry
Were both born in one hour,
There was mair love between thae twa
Than either in hall or bower

Lord Thomas and Lady Maisry
They were both born in one bed,
There was mair love between thae twa
Than a rose has leavis red

Lord Thomas and Lady Maisry
They were boin of mothers twain,
But they twa burns were laid together,
Thereof they were full fain

Lord Thomas and Lady Maisry
In one robe they weie clad,
There was a good time them between,
Thereof they were full glad

It fell out upon a day
Lord Thomas he thought lang,
And he's deep sworin upon a book
That to Bonny Bahome he would gang.

Lady Maisry beheld upon his ship,
Stood low down by the sea ,
Says—" Wae be to you, sails and tackling
Took Lord Thomas from me "

Lady Maisry beheld upon his men,
Stood low down by the sand ,
Says—" Wae be to you, ye weary mariners,
Took Lord Thomas from land "

She thought her love had been on sea
Far ower against Bahome ,
But he was still in a quiet chamber,
Hearing his lady's moan

" Now peace, now peace, thou Lady Maisry,
And I pray thee moan not so ,
For I am deep sworn upon a book
That to Bonny Bahome I must go "

She's gien him a chain o' the beaten gowd
And a ring with a rubis red ,
Says—" While this chain is on your body,
Your blood shall never be shed

" And ye'll ken gin the stanes be fallen out
Or gin the gowd ring break,
That my thought is never on Clerk Thomas,
But on another make "

He hadna been in Bonnie Bahome
A twelve-month and a day,
When he beheld upon his ring,
That the stanes were fallen away

" O whatten a weuld is this weary wauld,
A weary thing to dree ?
For the stones that were of the 1oyal red
They are grown grey to me

" Ye'll take my riches that's in Bahome,
And deal them liberally,
To the young that canna, the auld that manna,
The blind that downa see

" Ye'll take red gowd to my burying
And deal it out of hand,
To a young maid's wedding and a young bairn's cleddin.
That can neither go nor stand

" And ye maun deal for a burying dole
My lands that are to gie,
To women that are in strong travailing,
Can neither fight nor fie

" And ye maun bid to my burying
Three and three and three ,
The auld that canna, the young that shanna,
The sick that winna lang be "

His lady stood at a little shatwindow,
Beheld baith sea and side ,
And she thought lang for Clerk Thomas,
Her love was ill to bide

She's reached her head out ower the stane,
Beheld the leas of land ,
" I would my new love were clad in clay,
My auld love at my hand "

She's leaned hei ower the castle wa',
Beheld baith water and wide,
Her thought was a' for Clerk Thomas,
In heart is not to hide

She's laid hei chin out ower the stane,
That weary water to see ,
" I would my new love were boine on a bres
And my auld love back to me

" But ye maun buy me a goodly ship,
A goodly ship to me,
-- And I will sail to Bonny Bahome,
That good lord for to see "

When she came to Bonnie Bahome,
Saw mony that wrung their hands ,
" I'm feared it's mony unco lords
Having my love to the sands "

As she came by my good lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds and brown ,
" I'm feared it's mony unco lords
Having my love from town "

As she came by my good loid's bower,
Saw mony black steeds and grey ,
" I'm feared it's mony unco lords
Having my love to the clay "

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE

JOHNIE rose up in a May mornin',
Called for water to wash his hands,
"Gai loose to me the good grey dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands" —

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang,
"O Johnie, for my benison,
To the Greenwood dinna gang

"Eneugh ye hae of good wheat bread
And eneugh o' the blood-wed wine,
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray thee, stir frae hame"

But Johnie's busk'd up his good hand bow,
His arrows aye by aye,
And he is gone to Durrisdeer
To ding the dun deer down

As he came down by Merumass
And in by the benty line
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And a little below the sun,
And there he spied the dun deer sleeping
Aneath a bush of broom

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side,
But aween the water and the bae
His hounds they laid her pride

And Johnie has brittled the deer sae weel
That he's had out her liver and lungs,
And wi' these he has feasted his bloody hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons

They ate sae much o' the venison
And drank sae much o' the blood,
That Johnie and a' his bloody hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hishlnton
Where the seven foresters did lie.

“ What news, what news, my silly auld man,
What news bring ye to me ? ”
“ Nae news, nae news,” said the silly auld man,
“ But what mine een did see

“ As I came in by Meirimass
And down amang the scrogs,
The bonniest child that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs

“ The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine,
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the Lincome twine

“ The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o’ the gowd sae good ;
The good grey hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi’ blood.”

Up bespak the first forester,
The first forester of a’ ;
“ Gin this be Johnie of Breadislee,
It’s time we were awa’.”—

Up bespak the neist forester,
The neist forester of a’ :—
“ Gin this be Johnie of Breadislee
To him we winna draw.”—

But up bespak the sixth forester,
His sister’s son was he ;
“ Gin this be Johnie of Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die.”—

They have ridden ower muir and moss
Till they came to yon bush of scrogs,
And then to yon wan water
Where he slept amang his dogs.

The first shot that they did shoot,
Wounded Johnie abune the knee ;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
“ The neist will gar him die.”

“ Wae be to you, foresters,
And an ill death may ye die !
For there is not a wolf in a’ the wood
Would have done the like to me.”

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His foot against a stane ,
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane ,
He's laid him twafald o'er his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame

“ There is not a bird in a' this forest
Will do as mickle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And streek it on my eebree ”

“ Aft have I tane to my mither
The dun deer and the roe ,
But now I'll take to my mither
Much sorrow and much woe ”

“ Aft have I tane to my mither
The dun deer and the hare ,
But now I'll take to my mither
Much sorrow and much care ”

“ O is there na a bonny bird
Can sing as I can say,
Could flee away to my mither's bower
And tell to fetch Johnie away ? ”—

The starling flew to his mither's window stane,
It whistled and it sang ,
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was “ Johnie tarries lang ”

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching ower Johnie.

Thon out and spak his auld mither
And fast her tears did fa' ;
“ Ye wadna be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

“ Aft have I brought to Breadislee
The less gear and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

“ But wae betide that silly old carle,
An ill death shall he die !
For the highest tree in Merrimass
Shall be his morning's fcc.”

Now Johnie's good hand bow is broke,
And his good grey dogs are slain ;
And his body lies dead in Durriesden
And his hunting it is done.

YOUNG REDIN

“ O LADY rock never you young son young
One hour lange for me,
For I have a sweetheart in Garloch Wells
I love far better than thee

“ The very sole o’ that lady’s foot
Than thy face is far more white ”—
“ But nevertheless now, young Redin,
Ye will bide in my bower a’ night ” ?

When he was in her arms laid
And giving her kisses sweet,
Then out she’s tane a little penknife
And wounded him sae deep

Then up and spake the popingay
That flew abune her head,
“ Keep well, keep well you green cleidng
From ae drap of his bleid ”

“ O I’ll keep well my green cleidng
From ae drap of his bleid,
Better than I’ll keep thy clattering tongue
That prattles in thy head

“ O lang, lang is the winter night
And slowly daws the day,
There is a slain knight in my bower
And I wish he were away ”

Then up bespak her bower-woman,
And she spak aye wi' spite ;
“ Gin there be a slain knight in your bower
It's yourself that hae the wyte.”

“ Heal well, heal well, ye May Catherine,
Heal well this deed on me ;
The silks that were drapen for me gin
They shall be sewed for thee.”

“ O I hae healed on my mistress
A twelve-month and a day ;
And I hae healed on my mistress
Mair than I can say.”

They hae booted him and spurred him
As he was wont to ride ;
A hunting horn tied round his waist,
A sharp sword by his side ;

And they hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde,
The deepest spot in Clyde's water,
There they flang him in
And put a turf on his breast-bane
To haud young Redin down.

Syne up bespak the wily parrot,
As he sat on the brier ;
“ Gae hame, gae hame, ye Lady Maisry,
And pay your maiden's hire.”

“ Come down, come down, ye wily parrot,
Come down into my hand ;
Your cage shall be o' the beaten gowd,

Where now it's but the wand
For ae gowd feather that's in your wing
I wad gi' a' my land ”

“ I winna come down, I canna come down,
I winna come down to thee ,
For as ye've done to young Redin,
Ye'll do the like to me ,
Ye'll thraw my head off my breast-bane
And throw me in the sea ”

O there came seekin' young Redin
Many a lord and knight ,
And there cam seekin' young Redin
Mony a lady bright

And out it speaks the little young son ,
Sat on the nurse's knee ,
“ It fears me sair of young Redin
He's in bower wi' yon lady ”

Then they hae called her, May Catherine ,
And she swore by the thorn ,
That she saw not him, young Redin ,
Sin' yesterday at morn

Then they hae called her, Lady Mairsy ,
And she sware by the moon
That she saw not him, young Redin ,
Sin' yesterday at noon

“ But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and down ,
Ye'll seek it out and in ,
It fears me sair o' Clyde's water
That he is drowned therein ”

Then up bespake young Redin's mother
And a dowie woman was she,
‘ There is not a foild in Clydes water
But my son wad gae through’ ”

“ Gae douk, gae douk, the King he cried,
Gae douk, for gowd or fee,
O wha will douk for young Redin,
Or wha will doul for me? ”

They doulded in thio' the wan burn-bank
Sae did they out thio' the other,
“ We can douk nae mair for young Redin,
Altho' he were our brother”

Then out and spak the popinjay
That flew abunc their head,
“ Dive on, dive on, ye divers a'
It's there they've made his bed”

“ But ye'll leave aff your day diving
And ye'll dive in the night,
The pot that young Redin lies in
The Candles they'll burn bright

“ There are twa ladies in yon bower
And even in yon ha',
And they hae killed him, young Redin,
And casten him awa'

“ They booted him and spurred him
As he was won't to ride,
A hunting-horn tied round his neck
A sharp sword by his side

“ The deepest pot o’ Clyde’s water,
There they flang him in ,
Laid a turf on his breast-bane
To haud young Redin down ”

They left off their day-diving
And they dived on the night ,
The pot that young Redin lay in,
The candles were burning bright

The deepest pot in Clyde’s water
They fand young Redin in ,
A green turf on his breast-bane
To haud young Redin down

O white, white were his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout ,
But as that lady came him near
His wounds they gushed out

“ It’s surely been my May Catherine,
O ill may her betide ,
I ne’er wad slain him, young Redin,
And thrown him in the Clyde ”

The King he called his hewers a’
To hew down wood and thorn,
For to put up a strong bale-fire
The bower-woman to burn

And they hae tane her, May Catherine,
And they hae putten her in ,
It took na on hei cheek, her cheek,
It took na on her chin

But it sang the points of her yellow hair
For healing the deadly sin,
And they hae tane her, Lady Maisry,
And they hae putten her in ;

It took upon her cheek, her cheek,
It took upon her chin ;
It sang the point of her yellow hair—
She burned like keckle-pin.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

I t fell ance upon a day, Edinboro', Edinboro',
It fell ance upon a day, Stirling for aye,
It fell ance upon a day,
The clerk and lady went to play,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

If my baby be a son, Edinboro', Edinboro',
If my baby be a son, Stirling for aye,
If my baby be a son,
A web of gowd to put him on,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

If my baby be a maid wean, Edinboro', Edinboro',
If my baby be a maid wean, Stirling for aye,
If my baby be a maid wean,
A web of red to hap her in,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's leaned hei back against the wa', Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's leaned her back against the wa', Stirling for aye,
She's leaned her back against the wa'
Pray'd that her pains might fa',
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's leaned her back against the thorn, Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's leaned her back against the thorn, Stirling for aye,
She's leaned her back against the thorn,
There she has her two babes born,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, Edinboro', Edinboro'.
O bonny baby, if ye suck sair, Stirling for aye,
O bonny baby, if ye suck sair,
Ye'll never suck by my side mair,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's riven the muslin fiae hei head, Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's riven the muslin frae her head, Stirling fo' aye,
She's riven the muslin frae her head,
Tied the babies hand and feet,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

O smile na sae, my bonny babe, Edinboro', Edinboro',
O smile na sae, my bonny babe, Stirling fo' aye,
O smile na sae, my bonny babe,
Gin ye smile sae sweet ye'll smile me dead,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's ta'en out her little penknife, Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's ta'en out her little penknife, Stirling for aye,
She's ta'en out her little penknife,
Twined the young things of their life,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's howked a hole anent the meen, Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's howked a hole anent the meen, Stirling for aye,
She's howked a hole anent the meen,
There she's laid her sweet babies in,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

She's had her to her father's ha', Edinboro', Edinboro',
She's had her to her father's ha', Stirling for aye,
She's had her to her father's ha',
She was the meekest maid amang them a',
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

As she looked ower the castle wa', Edinboro', Edinboro',
As she looked ower the castle wa', Stirling for aye,
As she looked ower the castle wa',
She saw twa bonnie boys playing at the ba',
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

" O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, Edinboro', Edinboro',
O bonny babies, gin ye were mine, Stirling for aye,
O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,
Ye should wear the silk and the sabelline,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay "

" O wild mother, when we were thine, Edinboro', Edinboro',
O wild mother, when we were thine, Stirling for aye,
O wild mother, when we were thine,
To us ye werena half sae kind,
Sae proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay

But now we're in the heavens high, Edinboro', Edinboro',
But now we're in the heavens high, Stirling for aye,
But now we're in the heavens high,
And ye've the pains of hell to try,
Sae proper Saint Thomas stands fair upon Tay "

CHILDE WATERS

CHILDE Waters stood in his fair stable
And stroked his milk-white steed,
To him there came the fairest lady
That ever wore woman's weeds

Says, "Christ you save, good Childe Waters"
Says, "Christ you save and see,
My girdle of gold that was too long,
Is now too short for me

"And all is with one child of you",
I feel stir at my side,
My gown of green it is too strait,
Before it was too wide"

"If the child be mine, fair Ellen," he said,
"Be mine as you tell me,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your own to be

"If the child be mine, fair Ellen," he said,
"Be mine as you would swear,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both
And the child to be your heir"

She says, "I had rather have one kiss,
Childe Waters, of your mouth,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both
That lie by north and south

“ And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them my own to be ”

“ To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ride
Far into the north country ,
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must go with me ”

“ And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot page let me be ”

“ If you will my foot page be, Ellen,
As you do tell to me,
Then you must cut your gown of green,
An inch above you knee

“ So must you do your gown of green
An inch above your ee ,
You must tell no man what is your name,
My foot page then you shall be ”

She all the long day Childe Waters rode
Ran barefoot by his side,
Yet was he never so courteous a knight,
To say, “ Ellen, will you ride ? ”

She all the long day Childe Waters rode
Ran barefoot through the broom ,
Yet was he never so courteous a knight,
To say, “ Put on your shoon ”

“ Ride softly,” she said, “ O Childe Waters,
Why do you ride so fast ? ”

The child, which is no man's but thine,
My body it will boast ”

He saith—“ Seest thou yon water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to b̄um ? ”
“ I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see me swim ”

But when she came to the water-side
She sailed to the chin ,
“ Now the Lord of heaven be my speed,
For I must lean to swim ”

The salt waters bare up her clothes,
Our Lady bare up her chin ,
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see fair Ellen swim

And when she over the water was,
She stood against his knee ,
He said, “ Come hither, thou fair Ellen,
Lo yonder what I see

“ Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen,
Of red gold shines the gate ?
Of twenty-four fair ladies there,
The fairest is my mate

“ Seest thou not yonder Hall, Ellen,
Of red gold shines the tower ?
There are twenty-four fair ladies there,
The fairest is my paramour ”

“ I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the gate ,

God give you joy now of yourself,
And of your worldly mate

“ I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the tower ,
God give you good now of yourself,
And of your paramour ’

There twenty-four fair ladies were
A playing at the ball,
And Ellen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his steed to the stall

There twenty-four fair ladies were
A playing at the chess,
And Ellen, the fairest lady there,
Must bring his horse to grass

And then bespake Childe Waters’ sister,
These were the words said she ,
“ You have the prettiest page, brother,
That ever I did see ,

“ But that his belly it is so big,
His girdle stands so high ,
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lie ”

“ It is not fit for a little footpage,
That has run thro’ moss and mire,
To lie in the chamber of any lady
That wears so rich attire

“ It is more meet for a little footpage,
That has run thro’ moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lie by the kitchen fire ”

Now when they had supped every one
To bed they took their way ,
He said, “ Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I say

“ Go thee down into yonder town,
And low into the street ,
The fairest lady that thou canst find,
Hire in mine arms to sleep ,
And take her up in thine arms twain,
For filing of her feet ”

Ellen is gone into the town
And low into the street ,
The fairest lady that she could find
She hired in his arms to sleep ,
And took her up in her arms twain
For filing of her feet

“ I pray you now, good Childe Waters,
Let me lie at your feet ,
For there is no place about this house,
Where I may say a sleep ”

Between his feet and the lady’s feet
Over the bed she lay ,
And the night went on between them twain,
Till it was near the day

He said “ Rise up, my little footpage,
Give my steed corn and hay ,

And give him now the good black oats
To carry me better away ”

Up then rose she, fair Ellen,
And gave his steed corn and hay ,
And so did she the good black oats,
To carry him the better away

She leaned her back to the manger side
And grievously did groan ,
She leaned her back to the manger side
And there she made her moan

And that heheard his mother dea
She heard her bitter woe ,
She said, “ Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable go

“ For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievously doth groan ,
Or else some woman labours with child,
She is so woe-begone ”

Up then rose Childe Water soon,
And did on his shirt of silk ,
And then he put on his other clothes
On his body as white as milk

And when he came to the stable doot,
Full still he there did stand,
That he might heal her, fair Ellen,
How she made her monand

She said, " Lullaby, mine own dear child,
Lullaby, dear child, dear ,
I would thy fathei were a king
Thy mother laid on a bie ”

" Peace now," he said, " good Fair Elen,
Be of good cheer, I pray .
And the b̄idal and the churching both
Shall be upon one day '

LIZIE WAN

LIZIE Wan sits at her father's bower door
Weeping and making a mane,
And by there came her father dear,
"What ails thee, Lizzie Wan?"

"I ail, and I ail, dear father," she said
"And I can shew you why,
There is a child between my twa sides
Between my dear billie and I"

Now Lizzie Wan sits at her father's bower door
Sighing and making a mane,
And by there comes her brother dear,
"What ails thee, Lizzie Wan?"

"I ail, I ail, dear brother," she said,
"And I can shew you why,
There is a child between my twa sides
Between you, dear billie and I"

"And hast thou told father and mother o' that,
And hast thou told sae o' me?"
And he has drawn his good braid sword
That hung down by his knee

And he has cutted off Lizzie Wan's head
And her fair body in three,
And he's awa' to his mother's bower,
And sair aghast was he

“ What ails thee, what ails thee, Geordie Wan ,
What ails thee so fast to run ?
For I see by thy ill colour
Some fallow’s deed thou’s done ”

“ Some fallow’s deed I have done, mither,
And I pray you pardon me
For I’ve cutted off my greyhound’s head
He wadna run for me ”

“ Thy greyhound’s blood was never sca red,
O my son, Geordie Wan ,
For I see by thy ill colour
Some fallow’s deed thou’s done ’

“ Some fallow’s deed I hae done, mither,
And pray you pardon me ,
For I hae cutted off Lizzie Wan’s head
And her fair body in three ”

“ O, what will thou do when thy father comes hame,
O my son, Geordie Wan ? ”
“ I’ll set my foot in a bottomless boat
And swim to the sea ground ”

“ And when will thou come hame again,
O my son, Geordie Wan ? ”
“ The sun and the moon shall dance on the green
That night when I come hame ”

THE QUEEN MARIE

MARIE Hamilton's to the kirk gane
Wi' ribbons in her hair,
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than of a' the ladies there

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane
Wi' ribbons at her brest,
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listened to the priest

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane
Wi' gloves upon her hands,
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the queen and a' her lands

She hadna been about the king's court
A month but barely ane,
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court
And the king the only man

She hadna been about the king's court
A month but barely three,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be

The king is gone to the abbey garden
To pull o' the saim tree,
To scale the babe fiae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be

O she has tow'd it in her apron
And set it on the sea,
"Gae sink ye o! swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye'll get nae mair o' me "

Word is to the kitchen gone,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room
Amang the ladies a'
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed
And the bonny babe's mussed and awa'

Queen Marie came tripping down the stairs
Wi' the gold rings in her hair,
"O where is the little babe" she says,
That I heard greet sae sair?"

"O no, O no, my noble queen,
Think nae sic thing to be,
It was but a stitch into my side
And sair it troubles me"

"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,
Get up and follow me,
For I am going to Edinburgh Town,
A rich wedding for to see"

O slowly, slowly raise she up
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rode she out the way
Wi' mony a weary groan

The queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,
At every town that they came to
They took Marie for the queen

“Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi’ me !
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie”—

But little wist Marie Hamilton
When she rade on the brown
That she was going to Edinburgh Town
And a’ to be put down

“What need ye heck ! and how ! ladies ?
What need ye how for me ?
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,
Queen Marie had nane to gie ”

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs
The corks frae her heels did flie ,
And long e’er she cam down again
She was condemned to die

When she cam to the Netherbow port
She laughed loud laughters thiee ,
When she cam to the gallows foot
The tears blinded her ee

“Yestreen the Queen had four Maies,
The night she’ll hae but three,
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me ”

“Often have I dressed my queen
And put gold upon her head ,
But now I’ve gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread ”

“ Often have I dressed my queen
And put gold upon her hair ,
But now I’ve gotten to my reward
The gallows to be my share ”

“ O ye Mariners, mariners, mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog’s death I’m to die ”

“ I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail out ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I’m coming hame ”

“ For if my father and mother get wit
And my bauld brethen three,
O mickle wad be the good red blood
This day wad be spilt fo1 me ! ”

“ O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in
Or the death I was to die ! ”

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET

“**G**ie corn to my horse, mither,
Gie meat unto my man,
For I maun gang to Margaret’s bower,
I’ll win ere she lie down ”

“ O bide this night wi’ me, Willie,
O bide this night wi’ me ,
The besten cock of a’ the nest
It your supper shall be ”

“ A’ your cocks and a’ your nests,
I value not a prin ,
For I maun gang to May Margaret’s bower,
I’ll win ere she lie down ”

“ Stay this night wi’ me, Willie,
O stay this night wi’ me ,
The besten sheep in a’ the flock
It your supper shall be ”

“ A’ your sheep and a’ your flocks
I value not a prin ,
For I maun gang to May Margaret,
I’ll win ere she lie down ”

“ O gin ye gang to May Margaret
Sae sair against my will,
The deepest pot in Clyde’s water
I give ye to won intill ”

“ The good steed that I ride upon
Cost me thrice threty pound ,
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
To have me safe to land ”

As he rade ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den,
The noise that was in Clyde's water
Wad feared five hundred men

“ O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
Your streams seem wondrous strang ,
Make me your wreck as I come back
But spare me as I gang ”

Then he is on to May Margaret's bower
And turled at the pin ,
“ O sleep ye, wake ye, Margaret,” he said,
“ Ye'll open and let me in ”

“ O wha is this at my bower door,
That calls me by my name ? ”
“ It is your first love, sweet Willie,
This night newly come hame ”

“ I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,
As few have I therein ,
The besten love that ever I had
Was here but late yestreen ”

“ The warsten stable in a' your stables
For my purr steed to stan' ,
The warsten bower in a' your bowers
For me to lie therein ,
My boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,
I'm shivering at the chin ”

“ My bairns are fu’ o’ corn, Willie,
My stables are fu’ o’ hay ,
My bowers are fu’ o’ gentlemen,
Thev winna be gone till day ”

“ O fare ye weel then, May Margaret,
Sin’ better maunna be ,
I’ve gotten my mother’s malison
Coming this night to thee ”

As he rade ower yon high, high hill
And down yon dowie den ,
The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
Took Willie’s wand frae him

He leaned him ower his saddle-bow
To win his wand again ,
The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
Took Willie’s hat frae him

He leaned him ower his saddle-bow,
To win his hat wi’ force ,
The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
Took Willie frae his horse

His brither stood upon the bank,
Says “ Fie, man, will ye drown ?
Ye’ll turn ye to your high horse head
And ye’ll learn how to sown ”

“ How can I turn to my horse head
And how can I learn to sown ?
I’ve gotten my mither’s malison
And it’s here that I maun drown ”

And down it's sunken him, sweet Willie,
Into the pot sae deep,
And up it's waken'd her, May Margaret,
Out of her drowsy sleep

" Come hither, come hither, lady, my mither,
And read this dreary dream,
I dream'd my love was at our gates,
And nane wad let him in "

" Lie still, lie still now, May Margaret,
Lie still and take your rest,
Sin' your true love was at your gates,
It's but twa quarters past "

Nimbly, nimbly raise she up,
And nimbly pat she on,
And aye the higher she cried on Willie,
The louder blew the win'

The firsten step that she steppid in
She steppid to the queet,
" And ever alas ! " quo' that lady,
" This water's wondrous deep "

The neisten step that she wade in
She wadit to the knee,
Quo' she, " I could wade further in
Gin my love I could see "

The neisten step that she wade in
She wadit to the chin,
The deepest pot in Clyde's water
She gat sweet Willie in

“ You’ve had a ciuel mither, Willie,
And I have had anither ,
But we shall sleep in Clyde’s water
Lik’ sister and like brother ”

LONG LONKIN

L ONKIN was as gude a mason
As ever built wi' stane,
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
But wages gat he nane

"O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
O pay me now my fee"
"I canna pay you, Lonkin,
Till I be back from sea"

"O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
O pay me out of hand"
"I canna pay you, Lonkin,
Till I be back to land"

The lord said to his lady
As he mounted his horse,
"Beware of Long Lonkin
That lies in the moss"

The lord said to his lady
As he rode away,
"Beware of Long Lonkin
That lies in the clay"

"What care I for Lonkin
Or any of his kin?
My doors are all shut
And my windows penned in"

There were six little windows
And they were all shut,
But one little window
And that was forgot

But one little window
Was loose in the pin ,
And at that little window
Long Lonkin crept in

“ Where’s the lord o’ this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin ,
“ He’s ower the sea,”
Says Orange to him

“ Where’s the men o’ this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin ,
“ They’re at the barn threshing,”
Says Orange to him

“ Where’s the maids o’ this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin ,
“ They’re at the well washing,”
Says Orange to him

“ Where’s the bairns o’ this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin ,
“ They’re at the school reading,”
Says Orange to him

“ Where’s the son o’ this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin ,
“ He’s awa’ to buy pearlins
Gin our lady lie in ”

“ Then she'll never wear them,”
Says the Lonkin,
“ And that is nae pity,”
Says Orange to him

“ Where's the lady o' this house ? ”
Says the Lonkin,
“ She's in her bower sleeping,”
Says Orange to him

“ How shall we get her down ? ”
Says the Lonkin,
“ Prick the babe in the cradle,”
Says Orange to him

“ That wad be a pity,”
Says the Lonkin,
“ Nae pity, nae pity,”
Says Orange to him

Lonkin's tane a sharp knife
Hung down by his gair,
And he's gien the bonny babe
A sharp wound and a sair

Long Lonkin he rocked
And Orange she sang,
Till frae ilka pore o' the cradle
The red blood out sprang

Then out spak the lady
As she stood on the stair,
“ What ails my bairn, Orange,
That he's greeting sae sair ? ”

“ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the pap ”
“ He winna still, lady,
For this nor for that ”

“ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the kame ”
“ He winna still, lady,
Til his father be hame ”

‘ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the ring ”
“ He winna still, lady,
For ony kin’ o’ thing ”

“ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the keys ”
“ He winna still, lady,
Nor yet he winna please ”

“ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the knife ”
“ He winna still, lady,
Gin I’d lay down my life ”

‘ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the wand ”
‘ He winna still, lady,
For a’ his father’s land ”

‘ O still my bairn, Orange,
O still him wi’ the bell ”
“ He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursell ”

“ O how can I come down
This bitte^r cauld night
Without ever a coal,
Or a clear candle-light ? ”

“ There’s twa’ smocks in your coffer
As white as a swan’s,
Put ane o’ them about you
It will shew you light down ”

The firssten step she steppit
She steppit on a stane ,
The neisten step she steppit,
She met the Lonkin

“ O mercy now, Long Lonkin,
Have mercy upon me ,
Tho’ you’ve tane my young son’s life
Mysell you may let be ”

“ Shall I kill her, Orange,
Or shall I let her be ? ”
“ O kill her, kill her, Lonkin ,
For she ne’er was good to me ”

“ Hold the gold basin
And make it fair and clean ,
Hold the gold basin
For your heart’s blood to roun in ”

“ To see my bairn’s heart blood
It grieves me fu’ sair ,
To haud my ain heart’s blood
It grieves me mickle man ”

“ Hold the gold basin
And scour it out and in ,
Hold the gold basin
For your Mother’s blood to rin ”

“ To hold the gold basin
Fu’ sain n grieves me ,
O kill me, dear Lonkin,
And let my mother be ”

“ Hold the basin, maidens,
And make it fu’ clean,
Hold the gold basin
For your lady’s blood to rin ”

“ To hold the gold basin
It makes us full woe ,
O kill us, dear Lonkin,
And let our lady go ”

“ Hold the basin, Orange,
And scour it out and in ,
Hold the gold basin
For your lady’s blood to rin ”

“ To hold the gold basin
It makes me fu’ fain ,
To hold my lady’s heart’s blood
It is but little pain ”

“ She’s none of my comrades,
She’s none of my kin ,
To hold my lady’s heart’s blood
It is but little sin ”

“ O lacked ye your meat, Orange,
Or lacked ye your fee,
Or lacked ye for onything
A fair lady could gie ? ”

“ I lacked for nae meat, lady,
I lacked for nae fee ,
But I lacked for a hantle
A fair lady could gie ”

“ And they've tane this lady,
They've tied her wi' bands,
And in her sweet heart's blood
They twa have dipt their hands

The lord sat over sea
Drinking the wine ,
“ I wish a' may be weel
With a' things of mine

“ I wish a' may be weel!
Wi' my lady at hame,
For the rings of my fingers
Are buisten in twain ”

And ere three months were out
Lord Wearie cam again ,
The firsten step he steppit
He was right full of pain

“ O wha's blood is this
That lies in the cham'er ? ”
“ It is your lady's heart's blood ,
It is as clear as lammer ”

“ And wha’s blood is this
That lies in my ha’ ? ”
“ It is your young son’s heart’s blood,
It is the clearest of a’ ”

O sweet sang the blackbird
That sang but ower the tree ,
But sairer grat Lonkin
When he was boun’ to die

O bonny sang the mavis,
That sang ower the blake,
But sairer grat Orange
When they tied her to the stake

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL

THERE came a bird out of a bush
On water for to dine,
And sighing sair, says the king's daughter,
"O waes this heart o' mine!"

He's taken a harp intill his hand,
He's harped them all asleep,
Except it was the king's daughter,
Ae wink she couldna get

He's courted her but and he's courted her ben,
He's courted her into the ha',
Till he gat the good will of May Colvin
To mount and ride awa'

She's gane to her father's coffers
Where a' the fair gowd lay,
And she's taken the red and she's left the white
And she's gane lightly away

She's gane down to her father's stable
Where a' his horse did stand,
And she's taken the best and she's left the warst
That was in her father's land

He's loupen on the foremost steed,
Tane her on behind himself,
And they baith rade down to that water
That they ca' Wearie's Well

“ Wide in, wide in, my fair lady,
For here is nought to dwell,
O mony’s the time I’ve watered steeds
Wi’ the water o’ Wearie’s Well

The first step that she stepp’t in
She steppit to the knee ,
And sighing saii says May Colvin,
“ This water’s nae for me ”

“ Wide in, wide in, now, May Colvin
For here ye maunna dwell ,
O mony’s the time I’ve watered steeds
Wi’ the water o’ Wearie’s Well

The next step that she steppit in
She steppit to the middle ,
And sighing saii says May Colvin,
“ I’ve wat my gowden gudle ’

“ Wide in, wide in, thou fair May Colvin,
For ye get but scath to dwell ,
O mony’s the time I’ve watered my steeds
Wi’ the water of Wearie’s Well ’

The neist step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the chin ,
And sighing says she, May Colvin,
“ This will gar twa loves twine ”

“ Seven king’s daughters I’ve diowned there,
In the water o’ Wearie’s Well ,
And I’ll make you the eight o’ them
And ring the common bell ”

“ O sin’ I am standing heire, quo’ she,
The dowie death to die,
Ae kiss of your comely mouth
I’m sure would comfort me ”

He’s louted him ower his saddle-bo
To kiss hei cheek and chin ,
She’s twined her arms round his body
And thrown him headlong in

“ Sin’ seven king’s daughters ye’ve drowned there
In the water o’ Wearie’s Well ,
I’ll make you bridegroom to them a’,
And ring the bell myself

And aye she waesled and aye she swam
Till she swam out on land ,
And aye he cried on her, May Colvin,
To haud a guip o’ his hand

“ O lie thou there, thou fause Sir John,
O lie thou there,” quo’ she ,
“ For ye lie not in a caulder bed
Than the bed ye made for me ,
“ For the bed’s nae worse your body is in,
Than ye made for my body ”

And she’s won home to hei fater’s gate
About the dav began to sheen
Up then spake the wily parrot,
“ May Colvin, where have you been ?
And what is come o’ the fause Sir John,
That wo’d you sae late yestreen ? ”

Up then spak the pretty parrot,
In the bonny cage where it lay,
“ O what have you done wi’ the fause Sir John
That ye were sae blithe of yesterday ? ”

“ He woo’d you but, he woo’d you ben,
He woo’d you into the ha’,
Til once he had gotten your goodwill
For to mount and gane awa’ ”

“ O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the wyte on me ,
Your cage shall be o’ the beaten gowd
And the spokes of ivorie ”

Up then spak the king himsell,
In the chamber where he lay ,
“ What ails at the pretty parrot,
He prattles sae lang eie day ? ”

“ There came a cat to my cage doo’ ;
I thought would have worried me ,
And I was calling on the king’s daughter
To take the cat frae me ”

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE

I^t's narrow, narrow, make your bed
And learn to lie your lane,
For I'm gaun ower the sea, fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear,
Wi' you I never gat nane

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread
Or brew my bridal ale ?
Or wha will welcome my brisk bride
That I bring ower the dale ? ”

“ It's I will bake your bridal bread
And brew your bridal ale,
And I will welcome your brisk bride
That ye bring ower the dale ”

“ But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair,
She maun lace on her girdle jump
And braid her yellow hair ”

“ But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane ?
Have I not born seven sons to thee
And am with child again ? ”

“ The eldest of your sons, my lord,
Wi’ red gold shines his weed ,
The second of your sons, my lord,
Ride^a on a milk-white steed

“ And the third of your sons, my lord,
He draws your ale and wine ,
And the fourth of your sons, my lord,
He serves you bread to dine ,

“ And the fifth of your sons, my lord,
He can both read and write ,
And the sixth of your sons, my lord,
Can serve red wine and white ,

“ And the seventh of your sons, my lord,
Sits on the nurse’s knee ,
And the eighth of your sons my lord,
He bides in my body ,
And how can I gang maiden-like
When a maid I’ll never be ”

She’s tane her young son in her arms
Another in her hand ,
And she’s up to the highest tower
To see him come to land

“ Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o’er yon sea strand,
And see your father’s new-come bride
Before she come to land ”

“ Come down, come down, my dear mither,
Come down frae the castle wa’ !
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye’ll let yourself down fa’ ”

And she gaed down and farthei down
Her love's ship for to see
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free

And she's gane down and faithei down
The bride's ship to behold ,
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone like the beaten gold

She's tane hei seven sons in hei hand
I wot she didna fail !
She met Lord Thomas and his bïde
As they came ower the dale

“ You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,
You're welcome to your land ,
You're welcome, wi' you fair lady
That you bring by the hand

“ You're welcome to you ha's, lady,
You're welcome to your boweis ,
You're welcome to your hame, lady,
For a' thing here is yours ”

“ I thank thee, Annie, I thank thee, Annie ,
Sae dearly as I thank thee ,
You're the likest to my sister, Annie
That I did ever see

“ Theie came a knight out ower the sea
And steal'd my sister away ,
The shame scoup in his company
And land wheie'er he gae ! ”

Annie hung ae napkin at the doo^r,
Another in the ha' ,
And a' to wipe the trickling teais
Sae fast as they did fa'

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine ,
And aye she drank the wan water
To haud her colour fine

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with brown ,
And aye she turned her round about
Sae fast the tears fell down

And he's tane down the silk napkin
Hung on a siller pin ,
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
A' down hei cheek and chin

And aye he turned him round about
And smiled amang his men,
Says—“ Like ye best the old lady
Or her that's new came hame ? ”

When day was done and night was come
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride
To their chamber they were gaed

Annie made her bed a little foibye
To hear what they would say ,
“ And ever alas ! ” fair Annie cried,
“ That I should see this day !

“ Gin my seven sons were seven young rats
Running ower the castle wa’,
And I were a grey cat myself
I soon would worry them a’

“ Gin my seven sons were seven young hares
Running ower the lily lea,
And I were a grey hound myself,
Soon worried they a’ should be ”

“ My gown is on,” said the new-come bride,
My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie’s chamber
And see what gars her greet

“ What ails ye, what ails ye, fair Annie,
That ye mak sic a moan ?
Has your wine barrel cast the girds
Or is your white bread gone ?

“ O wha was’t was your father, Annie,
Or wha’ was’t was your mither ?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brither ? ”

“ The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother ,
And a’ the folk about the house
To me were sister and brother ”

“ If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine ,
And it shall not be for lack o’ gowd
That ye your love shall tyne

“ For I hae five ships of gay red gowd
Came ower the seas wi’ me,
The twain of them will take me hame
And three I’ll leave wi’ thee

“ I hae seven ships of white monie
That came ower the sea the day ,
Five o’ them I’ll leave wi’ thee,
And I’ll gang hame wi’ tway ,
And I’ll praise God for my fair body
That I gang maiden away ! ”

THE KEACH IN THE CREEL

A FAIR young may went up the street
Some white fish for to buy,
And a bonny clerk's fa'en in love wi' her
And he's followed her by and by, by ,
And he's followed hei by and by

" O wheie live ye, my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me ,
For gin the night weie ever sae muik,
I wad come and visit thee, thee ,
I wad come and visit thee "

" O my father he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key ,
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wight,
Ye canna win in to me, me ,
Ye canna win in to me "

But the cleik he had ae true brother
And a wily wight was he,
And he has made a lang ladder
Was thirty steps and three, three ,
Was thirty steps and three

He has made a cleek but and a creel,
A creel but and a pin,
And he's away to the chimby-top
And he's letten the bonny clerk in, in ,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in

The auld wife being not well asleep
Heard something that was said ,
“ I'll lay my life,” quo' the silly auld wife
“ There's a man in our daughter's bed, bed ,
There's a man in our daughter's bed ”

The auld man he gat ower the bed,
To see if the thing was true,
But she's taken the bonny clerk in her arms
And covered him ower wi' blue, b'lue ,
And covered him ower wi' blue

“ O where are ye gaun now, father,” she says,
“ And where aie ye gaun sae late ?
Ye've tane me out of my evening play ...
And o' but they were sweet, sweet ,
And o' but they were sweet ”

“ O wae betide ye silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye die,
She has the muckle book in hei arms
And she's prayin' for you and me, me ,
And she's prayin' for you and me ”

The auld wife being not well asleep
Heard something mair was said ,
“ I'll lay my life,” quo' the silly auld wife
“ There's a man in our daughter's bed, bed ,
There's a man in our daughter's bed ”

The auld wife she gat ower the bed
To see if the thing was true ,
But what the wiack took the auld wife's fit ?
For into the creel she flew, flew ,
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimby-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther
And fast to him he drew, drew ,
And fast to him he drew

" O help, O help, O hinny now help,
O help, O hunny now ,
For him that ye aye wished me to
He s carryin' me off just now, now ,
He's carryin' me off just now

" O if the foul thicf's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his haud,
For a' the lang winter night
Ye'll never lie in your bed, bed ,
Ye'll never lie in your bed

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's towed her thro' and tho',
" O God assist," quo' the silly auld wife
" For I'm just departing now, now ,
For I'm just departing now "

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gan hei a right down fa',
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side
Played nick-nack on the wa', wa' ,
Played nick-nack on the wa'

O the blue, the bonny bonny blue
And I wish the blue may do weel,
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her daughter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel, cieel ,
May she get a good keach i' the creel

THE KNIFE AND THE SHEATH

It is told, it is told, all the world over,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
That the king's daughter gaes wi' child to her brother,
And we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

He's tane his sister down to her father's deer park,
The broom blooms bonny and says it is fair,
Wi' his yew tree bow and arrows fast slung at his back,
And we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

"O when that ye hear me gie a loud, loud cry,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Shoot an arrow frae thy bow and there let me lie,
And we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

"And when that ye see I am lying cauld and dead,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Then ye'll put me in a grave wi' a turf at my head,
And we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair"

Now when he heard her gie a loud, loud cry
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly,
Now they'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

He has houkit a grave that was lang and was deep,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
And he has buried his sister wi' her baby at her feet,
And they'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

And when he came hame to his father's court ha',
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
There was music and minstrels and dancing 'mang them a',
But they'll never gang down to the broom ony mair

"O Willie! O Willie! what makes thee in pain?"
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fau -
"I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again,
For we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair"

"There aie ships of your father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fau,
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee,
And we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair"

"There are ships of my father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fau,
But sic a sheath and knife they can never bring to me,
Now we'll never gang down to the broom ony mair"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

THREE was a jolly beggar and a begging he was bound'
And he took up his quarters into a landward town
And we'll gang nae mair a roving sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys, let the moon shine
ne'er sae bright

He wad neither lie in barn nor yet wad he in byre
But in ahint the ha' door or else afore the fire

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay
And in ahint the ha' doo', and there the beggar lay

Up raise the gudeman's daughter and for to bar the door
And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor

He took the lassie in his arms and to the bed he ran
"O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our gudeman"

The beggar was a cunning loon and ne'er a word he spak
Until he got his turn done syne he began to crack

"Is there ony dog into this town? Maiden, tell me true"
"And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my doo?"

"They'll tine a' my mealpocks, and do me mickle wrang"
"O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the puir man?"

And she's tane up the mealpocks and flung them o'er the wa'
"The deil gae wi' the mealpocks my maidenhead and a'"

"I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie
O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the puir body?"

He took the lassie in his arms, and gied her kisses three
And four and twenty hunder maiks to pay the nouice fee

He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and shuill
And four and twenty belted knights came skipping ower the hill

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa'
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'

The beggar was a cunning loon and he lap shoulder height
O aye for siccan quaiteis as I gat yesternight!"

And we'll gang nae mair a roving sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys, let the moon shine
ne'er sae bright

LORD DINGWALL

WE were sisters, sisters seven,
Bowing down, bowing down,
The fairest women under heaven,
And aye the birks a-bowing ⁺

We cast keirls us amang,
Wha would to the greenwood gang,

The keirls they gaed thio' the ha'
And on the youngest they did fa',

Now she must to the greenwood gang,
To pu' the nuts in greenwood hang,

She hadna tarried an hou' but ane,
When she met with a goodly young man

He kept her theile sae late and sae lang,
Frae the evening late till the morning dawn,

He gae her a cacknet o' bonny beads
And bade her keep it against her needs,

He gae to her a gay gold ring,
And bade her keep it abune a' thing,

Three lauchters of his yellow hair,
Bade her keep them for ever mair,

The burden, consisting of the 2nd and 4th lines, is repeated in each subsequent verse

When six lang months weie came and gane,
Lord Dingwall's brought this lady hame,

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae red,

And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour,

Sweet Willie was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run,

And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall

“ O is your saddle set awry ?
Or ride your steed foir you ower high ? ”

“ Are the bridle reins foir you too strang ?
Or are the stirrups for you too lang ? ”

“ My saddle is not set awry,
Nor is my steed for me ower high,”

“ But I am weary of my life
Since I maun be Lord Dingwall's wife ”

“ But, little boy, will ye tell me
The fashions that are in your countrie ? ”

“ When ye come in upon the flour,
His mother will meet you wi' a gowden chair.”

“ But be ye maid or be ye none,
Unto the high seat make ye boun ”

“ Seven king’s daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king’s daughters has our lord bedded ,

“ But he’s cutted their breasts frae their bieastbane
And sent them mourning hame again ”

That lady’s called hei bower maiden
That waiting was into hei train ,

“ I’ll gie to thee five thousand marks
To sleep this night wi’ my lord for me ”

He’s blawn his horn sae shaip and shrill,
Up starts the deer on every hill

He’s blawn his horn sae lang and loud,
Up start the deer in good green wood

His lady mother looked ower the castle wa’,
She saw them riding ane and a’

She’s called upon her maids by seven,
To make his bed bath soft and even

She’s called upon her cooks by nine
To make their dinner fair and fine

When they came in upon the flour
His mothei met her wi’ a gowden chai

But to the high seat she made her boun ,
She knew that maiden she was none

When night was come and day was done,
And a’ men into bed were gone

Lord Dingwall and the bonny bower maid
Into a chamber they were laid

“ Now speak to me blanket and speak to me bed
. And speak thou sheet a witch’s web ”

“ And speak up my bonny brown sword that winna lie,
Is this a maiden that lies by me ? ”

“ It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded ”

“ It is a bed maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be ”

O wrathfully he left the bed
And wrathfully his clothes on did

And he has tane him thro’ the ha’
And on his mother he did ca’

“ I am the most unhappy man
That ever was in Christenland ”

“ I thought I’d a maiden meek and mild
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi’ child ”

“ O stay my son into this ha’,
And make good cheer wi’ your merry men a’

“ And I will to the secret bower,
To see how it fares wi’ the paramour ”

The carline she was stark and stou’,
She aff the hinges dang the door

“ O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father’s groom ? ”

“ O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven ”

“ We cast keirls us amang,
Wha would to the greenwood gang ”

“ I was the youngest of us a’,
The harder weird did me befa’ ”

“ For to the greenwood I maun gae
To pu’ the red rose and the dae , ”

“ To pu’ the red rose and the thyme
To deck my mother’s bower and mine ”

“ I hadna pu’d a flower but ane,
When by there came a goodly young man , ”

“ Wi’ high-colld hose and low-colld shoon,
And he seemed to be some king’s son ”

“ And be I a maid or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close of day , ”

“ And be I a maid or be I none,
He kept me there till the day was done ”

“ He gae me three locks of his yellow ha’r,
And bade me keep them evermair , ”

“ He gae me a casknet o’ bonny beads,
And bade me keep them against my needs ”

“ He gae to me a gay gold ring
And bade me keep it abune a’ thing ”

O she has tane her throug the ha’,
And on hei son began to ca’

“ What did ye wi’ the bonny beads
I bade you keep against your needs ? ”

“ What did you wi’ the gay gold ring
I bade you keep abune a’ thing ? ”

“ Mither dear, I winna lie ,
I gae them to a gay lady ”

“ But I wad gie a’ my ha’s and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers , ”

“ But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to my wife ”

“ Now keep, my son, your ha’s and towers,
Ye have that lady in your bowers ”

“ Now keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that lady to your wife ”

Now ere a month was past and gone,
That lady bare a bonny son,

It was weel written on his breastbane,
“ Lord Dingwall is my father’s name ”

“ O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk

IMITATIVE BALLADS

LADY ISABEL

IT was early on a May morning
Lady Isabel combed her hair ;
But little kent she or the morn
She wad never comb it mair.

It was early on a May morning
Lady Isabel rang the keys ;
But little kent she or the morn
A fey woman she was.

Ben it came her stepmother
Fu fair in the bower floor ;
“ It’s tauld me the day, Isabel
Ye are your father’s whore.”

“ O them that tauld you that, mither,
I wish they may never drink wine ;
For if I be the same woman,
My ain sell drees the pine.

“ And them that tauld you that, mither,
I wish they may never drink ale ;
For if I be the same woman
My ain sell drees the dail.”

“ It may be very well seen, Isabel,
It may be very well seen,
He buys to you the damask gowns,
To me the dowie green.”

“ Ye are of age and I am young,
And young amo’ my flowers ;
The fairer that my claithe be,
The mair honour is yours.

“ I have a love ayont the sea
And far ayont the faem ;
For ilka gown my father buys me,
My ain love sends me ten.”

“ Come here, come here now, Lady Isabel,
And drink the wine wi’ me ;
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer
And ane o’ them I’ll gie thee.”

“ Stay still, stay still, my mither dear,
Stay but a little while,
Till I gang into Marykirk,
It’s but a little mile.”

When she gaed on to Marykirk
And into Mary’s quire
There she saw her ain mither
Sit in a gowden chair.

“ O will I leave the lands, mither,
Or will I sail the sea,
Or will I drink this dowie drink
This woman’s brewed for me ? ”

“ Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,
Nor will ye sail the sea,
But ye will drink this dowie drink
This woman’s brewed for thee.

“ Your bed is made in a better place
Than ever hers will stand,
For she shall sleep in hell’s water
And ye in Heaven’s land,
Between the gold and the gilly flower
That lie down at God’s right hand

“ Your bed is made in a better place
Than ever hers will be,
And ere ye’re cauld into your room
Ye will be there wi’ me

“ Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,
And drink the wine wi’ me ,
I hae twa bonnie girdles in ae kist,
And ane o’ them I’ll gie thee ”

“ Stay still, stay still, my mither dear,
Stay still a little wee,
Till I gang to yon garden green
My Maries a’ to see ”

To some she gae the brooch, the brooch,
To some she gae the ring ,
But wae betide her stepmotheɪ,
To her she gae nae thing

“ Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,
And drink the wine wi’ me ,
I hae twa bonny birds in ae cage
And ane o’ them I’ll gie thee ”

Slowly cam she by the bower
And slowly cam she in ,
She could fu’ weel of courtesie,
Says—“ Begin, mither, begin ”

She put it till her cheek, her cheek,
Sae did she till her chin ,
Sae did she till her fause fause lips,
But never a diaپ gaed in

Lady Isabel put it till her cheek,
Sae did she till hei chin,
Sae did she till her good sweet lips
And the iank poison gaed in

“ O take this cup frae me, mother,
O take this cup frae me ,
My bed is made in a better place
Than ever yours will be

“ My bed is in the heavens high
Between the sun and the flowers fine ,
But youis is in the lowest hell
To dree torment and pine

“ My bed is made in the fair heaven
Low down between God’s feet ,
My bed is gold and gilly-flower
Among the angels sweet ,
But yours is made in the heavy hell
Between the wind and the weet

WEARIESWA'

THE wind wears ower the Wearieswa'
To the 1ight and the left hand,
The wind wears ower by the Wearieswa'
And unde1 by the sea sand

Every bolt in Wearieswa'
Wi' siller was it spaire1,
Every gate in Wearieswa'
Wi' red gold was it baird.

Every window in Wearieswa'
It was hasped in nickal keen,
Every bower in Wearieswa'
It was set wi' rashes clean

There wonneth a woman in the Wearieswa',
A strong spell is hei upon,
He that shall kiss hei mouth for love
Of his life he is foirdone

There is nae man made of a woman
As the grass grows and the corn,
But gin he have kissed that lady's mouth
Of his life he is foilorn

Lord Robert is ridden to the Wearieswa'
Between the low ling and the heather hie,
A wind was comen out of Wearieswa'
Between the hielands and the sea

O whatten a wind is this weary wind,
A weary wind to me?
It's neither a scart o' the mill-water,
Nor yet a wind o' the sea

Lady Janet looked ower by a little window,
She was fain of any man,
For the lack of love that was her in
All her body was wan

She laid her chin out ower the wa' stanes,
All her body was weak,
The tears fell over in her face wan,
Betwixen mouth and cheek

Gin I kissed that lady on her lips
The bitter man would I be,
Gin I kissed that lady on her hands twain
'Twre pain of my body

O gin ye should kiss my weary hands
You're ken would be fu' sair,
And gin ye should kiss my heavy mouth
You're teen wad be mickle mair

But ye'll gae down to yon wan wate'-side,
Gar make a ship of ashen tree,
And ye maun sail by seven ways
Between the faem and the green sea.

The first water ye'll sail upon
Men call it Wearieswyte,
Whoso cometh to that water
He shall have little delight

The neist water ye'll sail upon
Men call it Wearieswan,
Whoso cometh to that water
He is nae sicker man

The neist wate^r ye'll sail upon
Men call it Weariesway,
Whoso cometh to that water
He were the better away

The neist wate^r ye'll sail upon
Men call it Wearieswoe,
Whoso cometh to that water
He shall neither stand nor go

The neist water ye'll sail upon
Men call it Weariesween,
Whoso cometh to that water
Of his body he shall have teen.

The neist wate^r ye'll sail upon
Men call it Weariesyett,
Whoso cometh to that wate^r
An ill wonning he shall get

The last wate^r ye'll sail upon
Men call it Wearieshead,
Whoso cometh to that water
It were better for him to be dead

And gin the sair sea scathe you not
Nor the sea-worms in the sea,
This weary weird that is me upon
Ye shall take off from me

And gin the water win you not upon
Ye shall have good harbouring
When ye come back to Wearieswa'
About the fair birk flowering.

And ye maun be yoursell alone
And I with a' my men,
And ye maun stand low down them amang
To see if I shall you ken.

—Gin the wan water win me not upon
Between the sea-banks and the sea,
Then I'll come back for your sake, Janet—
A token I'll hae wi' me.

But how shall ye be seen, Hynd Robert,
O how shall ye be known,
Amang so mony gentlemen
That wear the gold alone ?

—O where they wear the goodly bright gold
I shall wear yellow and black ;
And a little green hood behind my hair
To hang down at my back.

—But how shall ye be kent, Janet,
Or how shall ye be seen,
Among so many goodly ladies
That ye maun gang between ?

O where they wear a ring, Robert,
I shall wear two or three ;
And a girdle with a fair white stane,
And by that ye shall ken me.

And where they wear but yellow lammer,
I shall wear siller sheen,
And where they gang like a queen's handmaids,
I shall gang like a queen

A kell o' gowd abune my head
And a band abune my eebree,
And in every o' them a jewel stone
My witness for to be ,

And half my kirtle of red sendal
To hang down at my knee ,
And half my kirtle of brown sendal
That shall be wrought to me
And the shoon on my feet of yellow samite
And by that ye shall me see

He's made him a ship o' the goodly ash
The sides thereof were wan ,
The first water he sailed upon
He was the heavier man

A' the oars were wrought of gold
And a' the sails of red ,
The last water he sailed upon
He seemed he was but dead

But he's won back to Wearieswa'
That was hard on a great sea ,
His hair was fu' of the wan sea-water
And he halted of his knee

Between the sea and the sea-banks
He's let his bonny ship stand ,
His clothes were fu' of the wan rain-water
And he halted of his hand

Oh I will draw to me a weed,
A weed baith poor and low,
And I will gang before my lady's face,
To see if she will me know

And he has drawn to him a weed,
A weed of yellow and black ,
But there was nae hood behind his hair
To hang down at his back

The first gate that he came to
It was little for his delight ,
The knappies that were that gate upon
They were hewn of siller white

The last gate that he came by
It was little for his ease ,
Before he had well won ower it,
The blood ran frae his knees

The neist gate that he came by
His comfort was waxen cold ,
Every bolt that gate within
It was carven of red gold

And he's gane up to the high chamber,
He's found that lady therie,
The red sandal on her body,
And the red gold in her hair

And as he stood low and very low
Amang these goodly men ,
He stood amang them hoodless,
There was nae man did him ken.

And she spied him weel and very weel
Gin she might his body see ,
O wha is yon gangs hoodless,
For my love it mauna be

And she sought weel and veiy weel
Gin she might him behold ,
She was mair fain of his fair body
Than the rain is of the mould

And a' the men that were her before
They were red and nothing wan ,
And when she saw his goodly face,
She weened it was another man

And when she looked his face upon,
It was wan and nothing red,
And a' his hair was riven wi' rain
That rained upon his head

O ye'll take out yon hoodless man,
That hirbles on the marl ,
I thought it were my love, Hynd Robert,
It is but a hireman carl

And ye'll take out yon gangrel fellow
That hirbles on the clay ,
I thought it was my love, Hynd Robert,
That hae been long away

He's taen him down to yon wan water-stand,
The tears fell ower his een ,
Before he was weel in his goodly ship
The wind began to ween.

He's turned his face to the fair leeland,
He was right fu' o' care,
Before he was weel upon the sea,
The water was wazen sair

Ye'll cast me in the neavy water
That is both green and black,
And ye'll bind my feet with a twine of silk,
Pray for the storms to slack

Ye'll cast me in the weary water
That is both green and grey,
And ye'll bind my arms upon my back,
Pray for the rains to stay

And they've cast over his fair body
In the water that was sae white,
And they drove over before the wind
A day's space and a night

The fist wave that cam nigh the ship
It smote her in the side,
And ever alas ! quo' the ae first man,
"This water is ill to bide ! "

The neist wave that cam nigh the ship,
It smote her in the head,
"Haul round, haul round," quo' the eldest man,
"This water maun be our deid ! "

And they spied ower the wan sea wide
To see gin ony halp might be,
And then they saw him, Hynd Robert,
That fleeted upright in the sea

And they spied out upon the sea,
It was a weary water and wan,
And there they saw him, Hynd Robert,
That fleeted as a living man

' O wha'ten a weird is this, Hynd Robert,
That is of your body,
To fleet out ower in the easterin' wind
That throws upon the sea ? "

The wind shall blow in the wan water,
It shall never slack for me,
Till ye bring my lady to yon sea-sand,
Cast her body in the sea

The wind shall throw in the wild water ,
I wot it shall never bide,
Till ye bring that lady to your sea-banks
Cast her body ower the ship's side

They've had that lady to yon sea-banks
And ower by yon heather hie ,
They bound her hands before her face,
Cast her body in the sea

BURD MARGARET

“O wha will get me wheaten bïad
And wha will get me wine ?
And wha will build me a gold cradle
To rock this child of mine ?

“ There’s nane will drink of bitter wine,
Nor eat of bitter bread ,
There’s nane will ca’ me a clean maiden
When my body is dead

“ Nae silk maun come upon my feet,
Nae gowd into my hair ,
My brothers smite me on the mouth,
Where nae man shall kiss mair ”

She held her hands in the wan water
Till the fingers weie a’ red ,
Her face was like nae fair burd’s face
That was her maidenhead

She’s streekit the water on her hair,
She’s signed it owre her chin,
She’s streekit the water on her lips
To let the draps gang in

The tears ran through her fair sma’ mouth ,
The white bones small and thin
Were waxen sharper in her lang throat,
And in her wrist and chin

“ Gin my mither has wist o’ this
When she was left wi’ me,
I wot these arms that aie waxen lean
Had ne’er gaun round a man’s body

‘ Gin my mither had dreamed a dream
That sic a kail should fall on me,
She had bound me between her smock and her kirtle,
And cast me ower the sea

“ She had row’d me between her smock and her kirtle,
Let me to swim or sink ,
And I had drunken o’ the saut water
Instead of tears to drink

“ The bairn that is waxen me within,
It is waxen a pain to me ,
But weel lie he and ever weel
That made my bairn’s body

“ The white that was in my twa brows,
I wot it is waxen red ,
But weel lie he and ever weel
That had my maidenhead

“ O weel be to the fair red roses
Stood high against my chin ,
But ill be to the good green leaves,
For they were half the sin

‘ O weel be to the little bird
Sang low against my knee ,
But ill be to my fause nourice,
She had sma’ reck of me

" O weel be to the fair red roses
Stood high against my face ,
But ill be to the bonny rowan,
I wish it never grace "

Burd Maigaiet lay in the rank water-grass
By the fairest ford in Tyne ,
And between the glass and the aspen leaf,
She saw their armour shine

Burd Margaiet lay in the low bracken
That was sae green on Tyne ,
And between the reed and the wan willow,
She saw the clean steel shine

The first of them had fair Milan coats,
The second had but pikes and jacks ,
The third had coats of fair scarlet,
And gold across their caps

There were three and three wi' bits of steel,
And three and three wi' siller fine,
And three and thiee wi' bits of gold,
Was red as fair new wine

" Whatten men be these that rin," she said,
" Or whatten men be these that ride ?
Either ye be thieves frae the north border,
Or men that look a bride "

" Gin I be rid frae the north border
And my braw bride won south,
I'll gar her clip me round the body
And kiss me on the mouth "

“ I think ye be nae knight,” she said,
“ Nae knight that wons about ,
There was never main but a devil
That had sae long a snout

“ Gin I should kiss your mouth,” she said,
“ I wis I had kissed a loon ,
I think ye be some clouted cartie,
Albeit ye wear steel shoon ”

“ I am Lord Hugh of Burnieshaw,
Ye may weel ken the face o’ me ,
And I wad hae back the bonnie lad bairn
That I left heire wi’ thee ”

“ Gin ye be Hughie of Burnieshaw
As I trow a better may have been,
Tell me what words I said to you,
When the rowans were green ”

“ O first ye pu’d the green berry,
And syne ye pu’d the red ,
And the first word that ever ye spak
Was to complain your maidenhead

“ O first ye pu’d the red hollin,
And syne ye pu’d the green ,
And the first word ye spak to me
Ye grat fu’ sair between ”

“ Gin ye be Hughie of Burnieshaw,
As I think weel ye’ll never be,
Here have ye back your bonny lad bairn,
That sair has troubled me ”

She's caught her hand to his bridle-rein,
Held up her mouth to touch his chin,
" Ye garred me pu' the girdle straight
That the fair knave bairn was in "

" What needs ye flur and mock, Margaret ?
What needs ye scorn at me ?
Ye never gat harm of your fause brothers,
But ye gat aye the mair guude o' me "

He's put his hands to her body,
He's laid her twart his selle ,
And ye that hae gotten a bonny sitter,
Gar keep the neist yoursell

Aye they rode weel, and aye better,
Until the moon was nigh to sheen ,
And aye the tears ran in her breast,
And aye in the gold between

" O whether is yon a cry of carlies,
Or men that cry on me ? "
" Bide still, bide still, now, Burd Margaret,
For ye heai naething but the sea

" O whatten is yonder noise," she said,
" That I hear cry on us behind ? "
" Haud by my sleeve now, Burd Margaret,
For ye heai naething but the wind "

Ave they rode weel, and aye better,
Until the moon was waven weak ,
And aye she laid her face to his,
And her tears ran by his cheek

Aye when he kissed her bonny een,
I wot they grat fu' sair ,
Aye when she laid her head to his,
I wot the tears ran through his hair

Aye they rode slow, and aye slower,
Till the moon's time was a' done ,
Between the road and the saddle
She thought to bear a son

There she saw her first brother
Stood back to a fair tree ,
Said " Grace go with our bonny sister
To ride in sic a companie "

Said " Grace go with our bonny sister
To wear her gown aside ,
It is not meet for a good woman
To set her girdle wide "

He's stricken the first across the neck,
Shorn clean his beard and hair ,
" Now haud ye weel, my fair brother,
Ye'se get of me nae mair "

He's cloven the second through the chin,
The third upon the knee ,
" Now haud ye weel, my thhee brothers,
Ye'se get nae mair of me "

They set her in a fair bride-bed,
Full glad she was the morn ,
And between the silk and the braw geld clairth,
The fair knave bairn was born

THERE GOWANS ARE GAY

THREE gowans are gay, my joy,
There gowans are gay,,
They garr'd me wake when I should sleep
The first morning in May

About the fields as I did pass
There gowans aie gay,
I chanced to meet a proper lass
The first morning in May

Right busy was that bonny maid
There gowans are gay,
I halsed her syne to her I said,
The first morning in May

“ O mistress fair, what do you here ? ”
There gowans are gay,
“ Gathering the dew, what needs ye spier ? ”
The first morning in May

“ The dew ” quo’ I, “ what can that mean ? ”
There gowans are gay,
Quo’ she “ to wash my mistress clean ”
The first morning in May

I asked farde1 at her syne
There gowans are gay,
G’f to my will she would incline
The first morning in May

She said her friend was not there
There gowans are gay,
Her maidenhood on me to ware
The first morning in May

Then like an arrow frae a bow
There gowans are gay,
She skipt away out o'er the knowe
The first morning in May

And left me in the garth my lane
There gowans are gay,
And in my heart a twang o' pain
The first morning in May

The little birds they sang fu' sweet
There gowans are gay,
Unto my comfort was right meet
The first morning in May

And thereabout I past my time
There gowans are gay,
Until it was the hour of prime
The first morning in May

And then returned hame bidene
These gowans are gay,
Pensant what maiden that had been
The first morning in May

LORD SCALES

Lord Randal lay in low prison,
He looked against the wa',
Gin the big wa' stanes were linen bands,
I'd win weel through them a'

Lord Randal sat by a low lattice,
He looked against the sea ,
Gin the foul bed straws were bonny ships,
I wot weel wad I be

Lord Randal stood by a strang window
He looked against his hand ,
Gin my twa wrist chains were hempen threads,
I'd win weel to the sand

Ye'll take the rings frae my fingers,
The silk knot frae my hair ,
Ye'll gie them to the bonny knight
That cries on me sae sair

Ye'll take the gowd bands frae my back,
The covers frae my bed ,
Ye'll gie them to the Lord Randal
To put beneath his head

Hae silk into your hands,Randal,
And gowd twine to your feet
And braw pillows about your head
To keep your lang hair sweet

For the rain rins through the rank bedstraw,
And the wet drips in the wa',
And the wee red worms in this prison
Wad gar your gowd hair fa'

I had liefer hae my ain twa hands,
And keep my body cold,
I had liefer hae my own twa feet
Than two sic shoon of gold

But I had liefer hae my lady's mouth
Than the silk and the siller bands,
But I had liefer hae hei sweet body
Than a' the gowd in land

I had liefer kiss my lady dead
Than a live woman should kiss me
I had liefer hae my lady dead
Than a fair woman's live body

O ye'se hae twine o' gowd for hemp,
And twine o' silk for thread,
And ye shall hae her fair body,
But no' her body dead

She's loosed the knot upon his back,
The knot upon his throat
She's clad him with a suit of samite
And red silk to his coat

She's washed him well wi' sweet waters,
Put spice into his hair,
She's set his feet in a narrow side chamber,
Upon a sideway stair

He's ta'en him to her, Lady Helen,
Where she sat by a bed,
The least cloth upon her body,
It was of the noble red

The insides of her bed curtains,
The gold was gone them through ,
The outsides of hei bed curtains,
They were full merry and blue

The silk side of hei bed pillows,
It was of summer green
The gold was bound in her gold hair,
That now should tell them twa between

O came ye for my lord's land,
Or for my lord's fee ,
Or came ye for my lord's hate,
Or yet for love of me ?

O gin ye come like a land robber,
For soon shall ye hang ,
But gin ye come like a woman's lover,
Full sweetly ye shall gang

O it was never for no hate,
For lord's love nor for fee
But a' the weird that is me on
It was a' for your body

Gin ye set nae scoin by me, Randal,
To dree a weird and a pain,
It's no Lord Scales my auld husband
That shall depart us twain.

Gin this be sooth of you, Randal,
That ye have good will to play ,
It's no Lord Scales my auld husband
Shall be better of us twey

For I hae reapers to the land,
And sailors to the sea ,
And I hae maidens to my bower
That wait by three and three ,
And it's no Lord Scales my auld husband
Shall part my will and me

The first draw rapes upon the ship
Between the sea and the sea sand ,
The neist they lie in the lang corn,
Wi' the reaphooks to their hand ,
And between the lang beds and the wa',
It's there the maidens stand

She s had him to her bonnie bed,
She's laid it warm and wide ,
He's clipped that lady by the middle waist,
And by the middle side

There was neither light nor fire them by,
And they twain were set to sleep,
When she's turned her chin to the pillow side
Made her a space to weep

He kissed her on her fair twa breasts,
And hard upon her chin ,
He's kissed her by her white halse-bane
The little salt tears fell in.

The small tears fell about her face
Between her lips and his,
From side to side of her gold hair
Her face was full sad to kiss

Lie down, lie down now, Lady Helen,
Lie still into my hand,
I wadna gie ane o' the pillow-beres
For ten measures of land

Lie still into my arms, Helen,
Betwixen sheet and sheet
I wadna gie ane o' the cods of silk
For ten measures of wheat

Lie back into mine arms, Helen,
The gold side of the bed,
I wadna gie ane o' thy kaims o' lammer
For the gold on the queen's head

It's I lie saft the night, Randal,
With my head against your face,
But gin ye had slept in my stables,
It had been the sweeter place

It's I lie saft the night, Randal,
But ye'll lie hard the morn,
For I hear a mouse rin by the straw,
And a bird rin by the corn

O whatten a bird is that, Helen,
I wad fain ken what it ails?
It's an auld bird and an ill, Randal,
Gin it be no Loird Scales —

Then in and came her auld husband,
I wot a fu' lean bird was he ,
It's wake ye or sleep ye now, madame,
Ye'se gar mak 1oom for me

O are ye sick the night, Lord Scales,
In the head or else the side ?
Or are ye fa'n to sleep, Lord Scales,
For the fear ye have to ride ?

Randal's taen out her girdle knife,
He's stiicken him amang his e'en ,
It was mair fo'r the lady's love
Than it was for his proper teen

Out came a' her bower maidens,
In their night smocks and night vails ,
It was a' fo'r sorrow of their lady,
It was naething for Loid Scales

Out came a' her bower maidens,
In their sma' coats green and white ,
With a red rose wrought for the left breast,
And a rose wrought for the right

Lord Scales had on a goodly coat,
It was a' bound wi' steel thickly ,
Lord Randal had but a little shirt
Between the wind and his body

The first good straik Lord Randal strak,
The red blood sprang upon his face ,
It was mair for his lady's love
Than it was for her lord's grace

The neist good straik Lord Randal straik,
The blight blood spiang upon his nails ,
It was mair for love of Lady Helen
Than pity of Lord Scales

Lord Scales he straik a fu' straight straik,
But Randal straik a sair ,
Lord Scales had a little joy of it,
But Lady Helen had man

Gar set my ships into the sea
And my hooks into the coín ,
For gin I have lost a man the night,
I'll get a man the morn

DURIESDYKE

THE rain rains sair on Duriesdyke,
Both the winter through and the spring ,
And she that will gang to get broom thereby
She shall get an ill thing

The rain rains sair on Duriesdyke,
Both the winter through and the summer day ,
And he that will steek his sheep thereby
He shall go sadly away

“ Between Crossmuir and Duriesdyke
The fieldhead is full green ,
The shaws are thick in the fair summer ,
And three wallheads between

“ Flower of broom is a fair flower ,
And heather is good to play ”
O she went merry to Duriesdyke ,
But she came heavy away

“ It’s I have served you, Burd Maisry ,
These three months through and mair ,
And the little ae kiss I gat of you ,
It pains me aye and sair

“ This is the time of heather-blowing,
And that was syne in the spring ,
And the little ae leaf comes aye to iced,
And the corn to harvesting ”

The first kiss their two mouths had,
Sae fain she was to greet ,
The neist kiss their two mouths had,
I wot she laughed fu' sweet

“ Cover my head with a silken hood,
My feet with a yellow clairth ,
For to stain my body wi' the dyke-water,
God wot I were fu' laith ”

He's happit her head about wi' silk,
Her feet with a gowden clairth ,
The red sendal that was of price,
He's laid between them baith

The grass was low by Duriesdyke,
The high heather was red ,
And between the grass and the high heather,
He's tane her maidenhead

They did not kiss in a noble house,
Nor yet in a lordly bed ,
But their mouths kissed in the high heather,
Between the green side and the red

“ I have three sailing ships, Maisry,
For red wheat and for wine ,
The main topmast is a bonny mast,
Three furlongs off to shine

“ The foremast shines like new lammer,
The mizzenmast like steel ,
Gin ye wad sail wi’ me Maisry,
The warst should carry ye weel

“ Gin I should sail wi’ you, Lord John,
Out under the rocks red,
It’s wha wad be my mither’s bower-maiden
To hap saft her feet in bed ?

“ Gin I should sail wi’ you, Lord John,
Out under the rocks white,
There’s nane wad do her a very little ease
To hap her left and right ”

It fell upon the midwinter,
She gat mickle scaith and blame ,
She’s bowed hersell by the white water
To see his ships come hame

She’s leaned hersell against the wind,
To see upon the middle tide ,
The faem was fallen in the running wind,
The wind was fallen in the waves wide

“ There’s nae moon by the white water,
To do me ony good the day ,
And but this wind a little slacken,
They shall have a sair seaway

“ O stir not for this nied, baby,
O stir not at my side ,
Ye’ll have the better birth, baby
Gin ye wad a little abide ”

CLERK SAUNDERS

IT was a sad and rainy night
As ever rained frae town to town,
Clerk Saunders and his lady gay,
They were in the fields sae brown

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders cried,
"A bed, a bed, let me lie down,
For I am sae weet, and sae wearie,
That I canna gae, nor ride frae town"
"A bed, a bed," his lady cried,
"A bed, a bed, ye'll ne'er get nane

For I hae seven bauld brethren,
Bauld are they, and very rude,
And if they find ye in bower wi' me,
They winna care to spill your blood"

Ye'll tak a lang clairth in your hand,
Ye'll haud it up afore your een
And ye'll tak me in your arms twa,
Ye'll carry me into your bed
That in your bower floor I ne'er gaed

She's tane a lang clairth in her hand,
She's hauden't up afore her een
That she might swear, and save her aith,
That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen

She's tane a lang clairth in hei hand,
She's hauden't up afoie her ee'n
That she might sweat, and save her aith,
That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen

Then in and cam her second brother—
Says, “ Twa lovers aie ill to twin ”
And in and cam hei thirden brother—
“ O brother, dear, I say the same ”

Then in and cam her fourthen brother,—
“ It's a sin to kill a sleeping man ”
And in and cam her fifthen brother,
“ O brother, dear, I say the same ”

Then in and cam hei sixthen brother,—
“ I wat he's ne'er be steer'd by me ”
Then in and cam her seventhen brother,—
“ I bear the hand that sall gar him dee ”

Then out he diew a nut-brown sword,
I wat he script it to the stroe,
And thro and thro Clerk Saunders' body,
I wat he gair'd cauld nion go

Then they lay there in ithers arms
Until the day began to daw ,
Then kindly to him she did say—
“ It's time, my dear, ye were awa'

“ Ye are the sleepiest young man, she said,
That ever my twa een did see,
Ye've lain a' night into my arms,
I'm sure it is a shame to be ”

She tuined the blankets to the foot,
And tuined the sheet unto the wa'
And there she saw his bloody wound,

* - * *

O wae be to my seventhen brother !
I wat an ill death mot he dee,
He's killed Clerk Saunders, an earl's son,
I wat he's kill'd him unto me ”

Then in and cam her father dear,
Cannie cam he steppin' in,—
Says, “ Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
What need you mak sic heavy meane

“ We'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,
And syne come back and comfort thee ”—
“ O comfort well your seven sons, father,
For man sall never comfort me ,
Ye'll marrie me wi' the Queen o' Heaven,
For man sall never enjoy me ! ”

EARL ROBERT

O some ride east and some ride north,
And some ride west and south,
But the ae best gate that ever I rade
Was a' for her red mouth

O some wear blue and bonny scarlet,
And some wear green and red,
And it's a' fo' love of her yellow hair
I'll wear but golden thread

Gin this be Annie of Waterswa'
That gars ye speak sac hie,
There's nae man of your name Earl Robert,
Shall get her fair body

O when he camc by Waterswa',
The rain was sair and strang,
Fair Annie sat in a bower-window,
And her gold hair was grown lang

Gin I might swim to ye, Robert,
I wad never spare for gloves or gown,
I wad never spare fo' the cold water,
But I have sore feal to drown

Now God thee hold, thou fair Annie,
The wa's aie hard to leap ,
The water is ill to swim, Annie,
And the brigg is ill to kecp

Gin I should open to ye, Robert,
I wis it were open shame ,
It were great pity of me, Robert,
For I gang but sick and lame

O twice I cuttit the silk stiing through
That was upon my back ,
Ard twice I cuttit the gown away
That wadna' haud me slack

It's ill wi' me the night, Robert,
It's weel wi' my leman ,
For the wine that comes in my fingeris,
I spill it on my han' ,
And the meat that's in my very mouth,
I wot it feeds a man

Gin I may win to ye, Annie,
The tane of us should weel fare
There's three men keep the ways, Robert,
Between the gate and the water-stair

I wot the night there's deep water,
Runs red upon the brim ,
It's full between the wa's, Annie,
This were but ill to swim

There's rain the night in Carrilees,
I wot the rain is rank ,
There be twa fathoms of strang water
Between it bank and bank

But he's 11d out through Carrilees' brow,
I wot, baith wet and wan,
Annie lay in hei chamber-window,
She was a glad woman

Between the gate and the water-stair
He made him room to stand,
The wet ran frae his knees and feet,
It ran upon his hand

And he's won through to hei chamber,
He's kissed her neist the chin
“O gin ye'll keep me out, Annie,
Is there ony will take me in?”

Up then gat her auld father,
Between the wall and her bed feet,
“ Is there ony breath in your lips, Earl Robert,
To gar a dead mouth smell sweet ? ”

He's tane her by the gold girdle,
He's garr'd it break awain,
There's nae room here for Earl Robert,
The ways are sae fou' o' rain

He's tane a keen sword in his hand,
He's set him to the wa',
And the very heart's blood of Earl Robert,
I wot he's garr'd it fa'

Out then spake she, fair Annie,
At the bed's foot where she lay,
“ There's a time for you the night, father,
And a time for us the day

“ O gin ye dig na deep, father,
I wot ve maun dig wide ,
And set my lord to the nether land,
And mv bairn to the green side

“ Ye'll set my head to his foot, father,
That he be neist the sun ,
For a' that was between us twa,
I think it's a' weel done ”

THE TYNESIDE WIDOW

THERE's mony a man loves land and life,
Love's life and land and fee ,
And mony a man loves fair women,
But never a man loves me, my love,
But never a man loves me

O weel and weel for a' lovers,
I wot weel may they be .
And weel and weel for a' fair maidens,
But aye mair woe for me, my love,
But aye mair woe for me

O weel be wi' you, ye sma' flowers,
Ye flowers and every tree ,
And weel be wi' you, a' birdies,
But teen and tears wi' me, my love,
But teen and tears wi' me

O weel be yours, my three brethren,
And ever weel be ye ,
Wi' deeds for doing and loves for wooing,
But never a love for me, my love,
But never a love for me

And weel be yours, my seven sisters,
And good love-days to see,
And long life-days and true lovers,
But never a day for me, my love,
But never a day for me

Good times wi' you, ye bauld 11iders,
By the hieland and the lee ,
And by the leeland and by the hieland
It's weary times wi' me, my love,
It's weary times wi' me

Good days wi' you, ye good sailors,
Sail in and out the sea ,
And by the beaches and by the 1eaches
It's heavy days wi' me, my love,
It's heavy days wi' me

I had his kiss upon my mouth,
His bairn upon my knee ,
I would my body and soul were twain,
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me, my love,
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me

The bairn down in the mools, my dear,
O saft and saft lies she ,
I would the mools were ower my head,
And the young bairn fast wi' me, my love,
And the young bairn fast wi' me

The fathei under the faem, my dear,
O sound and sound sleeps he ,
I would the faem were ower my face,
And the father lay by me, my love,
And the father lay by me

I would the faem were ower my face,
Or the mools on my ee-bree ,
And waking-time with a' lovers,
But sleeping-time wi' me, my love,
But sleeping-time wi' me

I would the mools weie meat in my mouth,
The saut faem in my ee ,
And the land-worm and the water-worm,
To feed fu' sweet on me, my love,
To feed fu' sweet on me

My life is sealed with a seal of love,
And locked with love for a key ,
And I lie wrang and I wake lang,
But ye tak' nae thought for me, mv love,
But ye tak' nae thought for me

We were weel fain of love, my dear,
O fain and fain weie we ,
It was weel with a' the weary wold,
But O, sae weel wi' me, my love,
But O, sae weel wi' me

We were nane ower mony to sleep, my dear,
I wot we were but three ,
But never a bed in the weary world
For my bairn and my dear and me, my love,
For my bairn and my dear and me

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

IT was intill a goodly time,
The first morning in May,
The bonny Earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth heisell to play

She's tane her to the bonny birkenshaw
Amang the fair green leaves ,
There she saw a bonny doo
Sat on the leaf o' the tree

“ O Coo-me-doo, my love sae true,
Gin ye'll come down to me,
I'll gie ye a cage of good red gowd
For a cage of green shaw tee ”

“ Gowden hingers roun' your cage,
And siller roun' your wa',
I'll gar ye shine as bonny a bird
As the bonniest ower them a ”

She hadna weel these words spoken,
Nor yet she hadna said,
Till Coo-me-doo flew frae the leaves
And lighted on her head

And she's tane hame this bonny bird,
Brought him to bower and ha' ,
She's garred him shine the bonniest bird
That was out ower them a'

When day was gane and night was come
In ae chamber they were that tide,
And there she saw a goodly young man
Stood straight up at her side

“ How cam ye in my bowe1-chambe1,
For sair it inarvels me,
For the bolts are made o’ the good red gowd
And the door-shafts of a good tree ”

“ O haud your tongue now, May Janet,
And of your talking let me be,
Mind ye not on your turtle-doo
That ye brought hame wi’ ye ? ”

“ O whatten a man are ye,” she said,
“ Fu’ sau1 this marvels me,
I doubt ye are some keen warlock
That wons out ower the sea ”

“ O come ye here for ills ? ” she says,
“ Or come ye for my good ?
I doubt ye are some strong warlock
That wons out ower the flood ”

“ My mither is lady of strange landis
Stand far out ower the sea ,
She witched me to a buditie’s shape
For the love of your body ”

‘ My mither is queen of the w1tch-landis
Lie baith to north and south ,
She witched me to a birdie’s body
For the love of your goodly mouth ”

“ She can well of witches’ woik,
She maketh baith mirth and meen ,
She witched me to a little bird’s body
For the love of your twa grey een ”

“ It was a’ for your yellow hair
That I cam ower the sea ,
And it was a’ for your bonny mouth
I took sic weird on me ”

“ O Coo-me-doo, my love sae true,
Nae mair frae me ye’sse gae
The stanes shall fleet on the wan waters
Before we twain be twey ”

“ O Coo-me-doo, my love sae true,
It’s time we were abed ”
“ O weel for you, my ain sweet thing,
It’s be as ye have said ”

Then he’s dwelt in her bower-chamber
Fu’ six lang years and ane,
And seven fau sons she’s borne to him.
Fairer was there never nane

The first bairn she’s borne to him
He’s tane him ower the sea ,
He’s gien it to his auld mither,
Bade well-nourished it should be

The seventh bairn she’s borne to him,
He’s tane him frae his make ,
He’s gien it to his auld mither,
Bade nourice it for his sake.

And he's dwelt in her bower-chamber
Fu' six years thro' and three,
Till there is comen an auld grey knight
Her wed-lord for to be,
She had nae will to his gowden gifts
Nor wad she to his fee

Out then spak the bonny bairn,
He heaid what they did say,
Says, 'Waes be to you, ye auld grey man,
For it's time I weie awav'

Then Coo-me-doo took flight and flew
He flew out ower the sea
He's lighted by his mither's castle-ha'
On a tower of gold fu' hie

THE WORM OF SPINDLESTONHEUGH

LADY Helen sat in Spindlestonheugh
With gold across her hair,
For every plait was on hei head,
I wot a gold piece was there

Lady Helen sat in Spindlestonheugh
With gold across hei head ,
The green gown on her fair body
Was woven with gold thread

Lady Helen sat in Spindlestonheugh
Wi' silk below her breast ,
The best pearl in the queen's girdle
Was lesser than her least

Lady Helen sat in Spindlestonheugh
With silk upon her feet ,
The seams were sewn wi' cloth of scarlet
To keep them frae the weet

O wha will keep the keys for me
Until the lord be hame ?
Or wha will ca' his kye for me,
To see gin ony be lame ? ”

She hadna bided a month but three
With silk bands to ner side,
When word is come to Lady Helen
To meet hei father's ae new bride

“ Ye'll bring the owsen and the sheep to stall,
Ye'll bring the kye to stand,
Ye'll set the first key in my girdle
The neist key at my hand ”

“ But gif he has wedaed a witch woman
To work sic teen on me,
I'll come nae mair to Spindlestonheugh
Till green grow in a dry tree

And she's done on her braw guidle,
Between the sun and moon,
And she's done on her kaims of gold,
Her gold gown and her shoon

She's tied her hair in three witch k'rots,
I wot, abune her bonny een ,
And for her hair and her body,
I wot she might have been a queen

“ I wish the sickle was in the rye,
And the rye was ower my head ,
And aye the next rose I shall gather,
I wish the white may be the red ”

She's tane the kevs intil her hands
Between the red sun and the moon ,
The rain ran down upon the grass,
And stained in her silk shoon

She's tane the keys to her girdle-tie
Between the warm sun and the weet ,
The rain that was between the grass and rye,
Ran down upon her feet

“ O whatten a burd is yonder burd
That shines about her head ? ”
“ It is but Helen my ae daughter
Has clad herseli wi’ ied, ”

“ O where gat she thae stones of price
The warst might serve a queen ? ”
“ It is but for the summer season
She’s clad hersell wi’green,”

Lady Helen knelt upon her knees,
She knelt upon her yellow hair ,
“ Hae back your keys, my dear father,
God give you weel to fare ”

Lady Helen knelt into the dust,
She knelt upon the roadway stane ,
“ And God you keep, madame, my mither,
As I shall be your ain ”

Out then spak the new-come bride,
I wot she spak wi’ pain and care ,
“ O some hae gold to weave, Helen,
And some hae gold to wear ”

Out then spak the witch-mother,
I wot she spak fu’ little worth ,
“ Look where my saddle sits, Helen,
Ye’ll stand against the saddle-girth ”

She’s tane the red kaims frae her hair,
The red shoon frae her feet ,
She’s set her face to the saddle stirrup,
That nane should hear her greet

And aye she ran, and weel she ran
Till her sides weie waxen sair,
And the sun that was upon the ways
Had burnt hei through hei hair

They hadna ridden a mile but thiee
When she was fain to bide,
For the blood was come upon her feet
And the pain upon her side

And whiles she ran, and whiles she grat,
In the warm sun and the cold,
Till they came to the bonny castle
Was bigged upon with gold

“ O see ye not thae teweis, Helen,
Where ye gat meat and wine ?
It’s I maun ligg in the braw brude-chamber,
And ye maun ligg wi’ swine

“ O see ye not thae halls, Helen,
Where ye gat suk to wear ?
It’s I shall hae the gold gowns on,
When your body is bare ”

“ O ye’ll sit in the braw guest-chamber,
And ye’ll drink white and red,
But ye’ll gar them gie me the washing water,
The meats and the broken bread ? ”

Ye il get nae chine o’ the broken loaves,
The white bread wi’ the brown ,
Ye’ll drink of the rain and the puddle water
My maids shall cast ye down ”

“ O ye'll sit in the braw guest-chamber
Wi' the gowd braids on your hair ,
But ye'll gie me a poor coat and a smock
For my body to wear ?

“ O I shall ligg i' the tidden straw,
And ye in a gold bride-bed ,
But ye'll gie me a clath to hap my feet,
And a clath to hap my head ? ”.

“ Ye'll get no clath to hap you in,
Ye'll get no coats of me ,
Ye'll get nae mair but a riven smock
To wear on your body ’

And she's ate of the foul swines meat
With her saft lips and fine ,
She's put her mouth to the rank water,
Was poured amang the swine

Never ae word spak Lady Helen,
Never ae word but twa ,
“ O gin my mither had hands to help
I wad be weel holpen awa ” ”

Never ae word spak Lady Helen,
Never ae word but thiee
“ O gin my mither had lips to kiss,
Sae weel she wad kiss me !

“ She wad kiss me on my ravelled hair,
The foul cheek and the chin ,
She wad kiss me on the weary mouth,
Where the rank water gaed in ”

Out then came the ^v itch mother
“ What ails ye now to greet ?
Here’s grass to hap ye dry, Helen,
And straw to hap ye sweet ”

The rain fell frae her feet and hands,
Frale her lang hair and fine
“ What ails ye at the baked meats, Helen,
The brown wheat bread and the wine ? ”

She’s turned her by the waist about,
She’s turned her by the knee ,
She’s wretched her body to a laidley worm,
A laidley worm to be

“ The red fruit shall grow in green river water,
The gieen grass in the wet sea,
Ere ye shall come to a fair woman,
A fair woman to be ”

And she’s garr’d bigg her seven swine-brows,
She’s made them wide and lang ,
She’s tane the kail and the meal pocks
That the foul worm might feed amang

Ave she roupit and ave she croupit
And aye she soupit the mair .
And fo’ the breath of her laidley mouth
The sweet land stank fu’ sair

Word is come to Lady Helen’s brother,
In God’s town where he lay,
His father had gatten a blaw new bride
And his sister was stown away

Word is come to Lord Richard,
Where he was in God's land,
There were nine men out of the north
Would fain be to his hand

" Whatten word is this, ye good sailois,
This word ye hae to me ?
Gin it be a word of the good land,
A dear word it maun be "

" O there is a worm in Spindlestonheugh,
A laidley worm to see ,
It has the tongue of a maid-woman,
And a worm's foul body

" For nine mile out of Spindlestonheugh
Of grass and rye there is nae routh ,
There is sma' routh of the good red coin,
For the breath of her rank mouth "

" Whatten word is this, ye carlish caitives ?
For this word ye hae to me,
There shall never meat come in my mouth
Till I be put to sea "

And he's garr'd bigg him a fu' fair ship,
He's biggit it a' of the rowan tree ,
It was neither hasped wi' gowd nor airn,
To haud it frae the sea

It was neither hasped wi' gowd nor airn,
Nor yet wi' siller wan ,
But a' the wood it was biggit wi'
Was of the white rowan

And they sailed lang, and they sailed sair
And they drove ower to South ,
And a wind was in the ship s side,
And a wind in the ship's mouth

And when he came to Spindlestonheugh,
He's tane the vervein in his hand ,
“ Now God have heed of the fair ship,
For we must row to land ”

“ Have pity of us, O Lord Richaid,
For we dare no further gang ”
“ Gin I may come by a goodly gallows,
The best of ye a' shall hang ”

But when he saw the seven swine trows,
He weened a sair thing to have seen ,
And when he saw the laidley worm
The tears brast ower in his een

O' gun ye'll kiss my laidley mouth
For the love of God's body ,
I winna do ye scaith, brother,
Though I be a foul thing to see ”

He's put his mouth to her laidley mouth,
He's kissed her once and twice ,
“ I had liever lose God's dear body
Than kiss this foul worm thrice ”

He's put his mouth to her laidley mouth,
He's kissed her kisses three
The flesh fell frae her laidley mouth
And frae her rank body ,
And it was but his sister Helen
Stood at Lord Richard's knee

She was clad all in fair red samite,
Her mouth was red and fair,
There was nae burd in the good land
That had such yellow hair

He's tane him to the witch mother
That sat by her bairn's bed,
The gold was gone in her grey hair,
Her face was heavy and red

"O wae be wi' you, ye ill woman,
And the young bairn at your knee,
There's never a bairn shall die abed
That comes of your body"

"Now God you save, my fair brother,
For his dear body that was dead,
Now God you save and maiden Mary
That kept me of her maidenhead

WESTLAND WELL

Y^E maun mak' me a scarlet gown, Lord John,
A scarlet gown to the knee,
It maun be sewn wi' a gowd needle,
To mak' fit wear to me

It maun be sewn wi' a gowd needle,
And spun o' silk fo' thiead,
And ye maun gie me a band of silk,
To tie upon my head
And ye maun gie me a sheet of silk
To put into my bed

O wha was't made ye proud, Janet,
Or ever ye were born?
There's nae gowd in the land, Janet,
Is redder than the corn

O wha was't taught you v'ords, Janet,
Or wha was't leairned you pride?
There's mony a better face than yours
Would fain lie neist my side

O haud your tongue, Lord John o' the Mains,
I doubt ye hae drunken wine,
There is not a maid that v'ons in heaven
Wi' sic a face as mine

Gin I were set in the high heaven,
And God's mother were set below,
I wad be queen of the high heaven,
And she wad be let go

When she cam in Lord John's bower,
She never had kissed man,
When she cam frae Loid John's bower,
She was but his leman

O ye'll gar make me a bonny bed,
Ye'll make it warm and sweet,
Ye'll set a pillow to my head, mither,
And a pillow to my feet

It fell about the middle May time
When the apple floweris wax red,
Her mither began to chide with her
She kept sae lang abed

I canna stand to walk, mither,
But I'm just like to die,
And wae be to your bonny bloodhound
That bit me by the knee

Yestreen my maids took off the sheet
To wash i' the Westland Well,
And lest the bonny web suld ravel,
I set a hand myself

We washed the blue thread and the brown,
The white thread and the black,
And sae cam ben your fause bloodhound,
And bit me in the back

Sae sair it rent and bit, mither,
Sae sair it bit and clang,
And ever I hope in God, mither,
Ye'll gar that bloodhound hang

What's this c't now maiden Janet?
What's this o't now? quo' she,
There's nae such hound that bites women,
There's nae such lang to me

Tell me now, Janet, she says,
And I winna gar ye lee,
Is this a hound's tooth or a child's shaping
That mars your straight body?

O where your cheek was red, Janet,
Your cheek is sick and wan,
And where your back was right and flat,
It bows like a loaden man

O where your throat was round, Janet,
It's lean and loose by this,
And where your lip was sweet, Janet
It's grown too thin to kiss

The blood sprang in her cheek, fair Janet,
The blood sprang in her chin,
I doubt there's ane wad kiss me, mither,
Though I be sick and thin

About the time of moon rising
They set her saft in bed,
About the time of star setting
They streekit her for dead

O ill be in your meat, Lord John,
And ill be in your wine,
Gin the bairn be none of your getting,
I'm sure it's none of mine

Ill be in your bed, Lord John,
And ill be in your way,
Gin ye had been hangit a year agone,
I had been the merrier May

LADY MAISIE'S BAIRN

“**G**IN ye winna cease for the pity of him,
O cease for the pity of me,
There was never bairn born of a woman
Between the sea-wind and the sea,
There was never bairn born of a woman,
That was born so bitterly ”

The ship strove hard upon the wind,
I wot it drove full mightily
But the fair gold sides upon the ship
They were bursten with the sea

“ O I am sae fain for you, Lord John,
Gin ye be no sae fain,
How shall I bear wi' my body,
It is sae full of pain ? ”

“ O I am sae fain of your body,
Ye are no sae fain of me , ”
But the sails are riven wi' the wind
And the sides are full of sea

O when she saw the sails riven,
The sair pain bowed her back ,
But when she saw the sides bursten,
I wot her very heart brak

The wind waxed in the sea between,
The rain waxed in the land,
Lord John was happed wi' saut sea-foam,
Lady Maisie wi' sea-sand,
And the little bairn between the twa
That was to her right hand

The rain rains saer on Durriesdylke
To the land side and the sea,
There was never bairn born of a woman
That was bo'rn man bitterly

THE WITCH MOTHER

“ **O** WHER will ye gang to and where will ye sleep,
Against the night begins ? ”

“ My bed is made wi’ cauld sorrows,
My sheets are lined wi’ sins

“ And a sair grief sitting at my foot,
And a sair grief at my head ,
And dale to lay me my laigh pillows,
And teen till I be dead

“ And the rain is sair upon my face,
And sair upon my hair ,
And the wind upon my weary mouth,
That never may man kiss mair

“ And the snow upon my heavy lips,
That never shall drink nor eat ,
And shame to cledding and woe to wedding,
And pain to drink and meat

“ But woe be to my bairn’s father,
And ever ill fare he
He has tane a braw brude hame to him,
Cast out my bairns and me ”

“ And what shall they have to their marriage meat
This day they twain are wed ? ”

“ Meat of strong crying, salt of sad sighing,
And God restore the dead

“ And what shall they have to their wedding wine
This day they twain are wed ? ”
“ Wine of weeping, and draughts of sleeping,
And God raise up the dead ”

She’s tane her to the wild woodside,
Between the flood and fell
She’s sought a rede against hei need
Of the fiend that bides in hell

She’s tane her to the wan burnside,
She’s wrought wi’ sang and spell
She’s plighted her soul for doom and dole
To the fiend that bides in hell

She’s set her young son to her breast,
Her auld son to her knee
Says, “ weel for you the night, bairnies,
And weel the morn for me ”

She looked fu’ lang in them een, sighing,
And sair and sair grath she
She has slain her young son at her breast,
Her auld son at hei knee

She’s sodden their flesh wi’ saft water,
She’s mixed their blood with wine
She’s tane her to the braw-bride house,
Where a’ were boun’ to dine

She poured the red wine in his cup,
And his een grew fain to greet
She set the baked meats at his hand,
And bade him drink and eat

Says, “ Eat your fill of your flesh, my lord,
And drink your fill of your wine ,
For a’ thing’s yours and only yours
That has been yours and mine.”

Says, “ Drink your fill of your wine, my lord,
And eat your fill of your bread
I would they were quick in my body again.
Or I that bare them dead ”

He struck her head frae her fair body,
And dead for grief he fell
And there were twae mair sangs in heaven,
And twae mair sauls in hell

LORD SOULIS

Lord Soulis is a keen wizard,
A wizard mickle of lear
Who cometh in bond of Lord Soulis,
Thereof he hath little cheer

He has three braw castles to his hand,
That wizard mickle of age ,
The first of Estness, the last of Westness,
The middle of Hermitage

He has three fair mays into his hand,
The least is good to see ,
The first is Annet, the second is Janet,
The third is Marjorie

The firsten o' them has a gowden crown,
The neist has a gowden ring ,
The third has sma' gowd her about,
She has a sweeter thing

The firsten o' them has a rose her on,
The neist has a marigold ;
The third o' them has a better flower,
The best that springeth ower wold

The kisses that are her mouth within,
There is no man knoweth of any one ,
She is a pure maid of her body,
The best that standeth under sun

And Eastness was a bonny castle,
It lay upon a lea ,
Red wine for Annet, and white for Janet,
And water for Marjorie

But Hermitage is a fair castle,
The fairest of the three ,
Saft beds for Annet, silk sheets for Janet,
Nane sheets for Marjorie

He made them a' by strong cunning,
That wizard great of hand ,
The twain to fall at his life's ending,
The third alway to stand

He made them a' by hell's cunning,
That wizard full of ill ,
They burnt up Eastness and cast down Westness
But Hermitage standeth still

There be twenty lords in that border,
Full twenty strong lords and three,
They have sworn an oath for Lord Soulis,
Weel wroken of him to be

They have set a meeting at Emmethaugh
And upon the Lilienshaw,
They will be wroken of Lord Soulis,
His body to hang and draw

They have broken bread between them a'
At Ottershawe that's owei the lea,
They wad plunder Eastness and harry Westness,
But Hermitage they let be

They watered steeds by the wan Wellhaugh
Under the sweet leaves green,
Frae the Yethburn head to Christenbury,
To ride they were full keen

When they were come to the Yethburn spairt,
I wot their knees were wet ,
When they were come to the Yethburn head,
There was no porter at the yett

When they had won to the Bloody-bush,
I wot their sides weie sair ,
Before they were well upon that border
They had mickle sorrow and care
“ O gin we were at the sweet Wellhaugh,
Under the merry leaves fair ! ”

Before they were well on the other side
He sat a sair east them between ,
“ O gin we were by the Emmetburn
Under the little leaves green,
Between the birkis and the Emmet water,
We had the lesser been ”

When they came on that weary border,
He sent an ill thing them amang ,
“ We winna ride ower to Hermitage,
The wa’s they are too strang ,
But we will ride to the low castles,
Though the ways be ill to gang ”

Out then spak Burd Marjorie’s lover,
He was a fair man of his face ,
“ Gin I may be wroken of Lord Soulis
I have sma’ care of my place ,

“ Gin I may be wroken of Lord Soulis
I have sma’ care of ony thng ,
Of the wine for shedding, the sheets for wedding,
The kirk for christening

“ I have sma’ care of my sad body
Upon the ground to gang ,
Gin I wist where I might be wroken of him.
I wad give it to him strang ”

Out then spak May Janet’s brother,
He was a stout knight and a keen ,
“ He has sent his devils us amang
To work us trouble and teen

“ Gin I wist where I might be wroken of him,
Betwixen dark and day,
I wad give baith my soul and body
To hell to fetch away ”

Out then spak Burd Annet’s father,
He was a good man full of age ,
“ Ye’ll speir at Estness, ye’ll speir at Westness
But no at Hermitage ”

They turned their horse-heads round about,
Rode low down by the sand ,
And a’ the way they went upon,
The devil went at their hand

The first castle they came to,
It stood upon a sea ,
The least worth chamber in a’ that castle,
It was a’ whalestooth and sandal-tree

“ O whatten a may is yonder may
Sae fair to see upon ? ”
“ O yonder is my daughter Annet,
Out of my ha’s was gone

“ Gin ye’ll come hither to me, Annet,
God’s grace of me ye’se have ”
“ I wadna gang out, my auld fool father,
Gin ye weic graithed in your grave ”

“ Give me threee kisses, my daughter Annet,
Before my mouth is cold ”
“ I winna come forth for nae man’s greybeard,
Till my bairn be a sennight old ”

He turned his face against the sea,
His heart break right awain ,
“ The fire of hell for your body, Annet,
Ere ye behold me again ”

“ Pull off the green, and the goodly green,
Put on the black, the black,
For my father is ridden to Wearyland,
I doubt he’ll never win back ”

They turned their horse-heads round about,
Rode high upon a hill ,
And a’ the gate they gaed about
The devil them gaered gang ill

The neister castle they came to,
It was hard upon the low champaign ,
The least worth bower in a’ that castle,
It was a’ white siller and green stane

“ O whatten a may is yonder may
That is sae gfeat of her body ? ”

“ O yonder is my sister Janet,
Was stolen by night fiae me

“ Gin ye'll come hither to me, Janet,
God's love of me ye'se hae ”

“ I wadna gang out fo' nae brithet,
Though ye were dead the day ”

“ O ye'll gang down to me, Janet,
For God's sweet mercy and mine ,
For I have sought ye the lang lands ower,
These eight months wearing nine ”

“ I winna gang forth for nae brithet,
Though his body should be lorn ,
I winna gang forth for nae man's face,
Till Lord Soulis' bairn be boin ”

He turned his face against the brigg,
His heart biak right in three ,
“ The sorrow of hell for you, Janet,
And the warld's sorrow for me ”

“ Take down the red, and the bonny iced,
Set up the black, the blacl.
For my brother is ridden to Wearies wood,
I wot he'll never win back ”

They turned their horse-heads round about,
Rode back a day and twain
And a' the riveis they rode upon
The devil rode at their rein

The third castle they came to,
It was the castle of Hermitage,
There is nae man may brike the sides of it,
Though the stanes therein are great of age

“ O whatten a may is yonder may,
That looks like ony flower ? ”
“ O yon is my very love, Marjorie,
Was borne out of my bower ”

The bower Lady Marjorie was in,
It had neither white cloths nor red,
There were nae rushes to the bower floors,
And nae pillows to the bed

“ O will ye come down but a very little,
For God’s sake or for me ?
Or will ye kiss me a very little,
But six poor kisses and three ? ”

She’s leaned hersell to that window,
For sorrow she couldna stand,
She’s bound her body by that window,
With iron at her hand

She’s sworn by tree and by tree’s leaf,
By aits and rye and corn,
“ Gin ye hadnna come the night,” she says,
“ I had been but dead the morn ”

She’s kissed him under the bower-bar
Nine goodly times and ten ,
And forth is come that keen wizard
In the middest of his men

And forth is come that foul wizard,
God give him a curse and care !
Says " The life is one time sweet to have
And the death is three times sair "

Forth is come that strong wizard,
God give him a heavy day !
Says " ye shall have joy of your leman's body
When April cometh after May "

Between the hill and the wan water
In fields that were full sweet,
There was riding and running together,
And many a man gat red-shod feet

Between the wa's and the Hermitage water,
In ways that were waxen red,
There was cleaving of caps and shearing of jack,
And many a good man was there dead

They have taken that strong wizard,
To bind him by the hands
The links of airn brast off his body
Like splints of bursten birken wands

And they have taken that foul wizard
To bind him by the feet
The links of airn brast off his body
As berries that are burst with heat

They have putten fire upon his flesh,
For nae fire wad it shrink
They have casten his body in the wan well-head,
For nae water wad it sink

Up then gat the fiend Borolallie
Bade them give ower and let be
“ Between wold’s fire and wold’s wate:
He gat a gift of me
Till fire came out of wan wate,
There’s nane shall gar him dee ”

“ A rede, a rede, thou fool Borolallie,
A good rede out of hand ,
Shall we be wroken of Lord Soulis
By wate or by land ?
Or shall we be wroken a great way off,
Or even whereas we stand ? ”

And up it spak him, foul Boiolallie,
Between the tree and the leaf o’ the tree ,
“ Ye maunna be wioken of Lord Soulis
By land neither by sea ,
Between red fire and wan water
Weel wroken ye shall be ”

And up it spak him, foul Borolallie,
Between Lord Soulis and them a’
“ Ye maunna be wroken of Lord Soulis
Betwixen house and ha’ ,
But ye maun take him to the Ninestane rigs
And take his life awa’ ”

They have taken him to the Ninestane rigs
His foul body to slay ,
Between the whins and the whinstanes
He had a weary way

They have taken him to the Ninestane rigs
His foul body to spill
Between the green broom and the yellow
He gat a bitter ill

They had a sair cast with his foul body,
There was nae man wist what to do ,
“ And O gin his body were weel sodden,
Weel sodden and suppit in b1oo ! ”

And out it spak him, foul Borolallie,
Says “ whatten a coil’s this coil ?
Ye’ll mak a fire on the Ninestane rigs,
For a pot thereon to boil ”

And out it spak him, foul Borolallie,
Saya “ whatten a din’s this din ?
Ye’ll boil his body within the brass,
The brass to boil him in ”

They boiled his body on the Ninestane rigs
That wizard mickle of leat ,
They have sodden the bones of his body,
To be their better cheer

They buried his bones on the Ninestane rigs
But the flesh was a’ clean gane ,
There was great joy in a’ that border
That Loïd Soulis was well slain

A LYKE-WAKE SONG

F^{AIR} of face, full of pride,
Sit ye down by a dead man's side

Ye sang songs a' the day
Sit down at night in the red worm's way

Proud ye were a' day long
Ye'll be but lean at evensong

Ye had gowd kells on your hair
Nae man kens what ye were

Ye set scorn by the silken stuff
Now the grave is clean enough

Ye set scorn by the rubis ring
Now the worm is a saft sweet thing

Fine gold and blithe fair face,
Ye are come to a grimly place

Gold hair and glad grey een,
Nae man kens if ye have been

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY

THE wind wears roun', the day wears doun,
The moon is grisly grey,
There's nae man rides by the mirk muisides,
Nor down the dark Tyne's way"
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

"And winna ye watch the night wi' me,
And winna ye wake the morn?
Foul shame it were that your ae mither
Should biook her ae son's scorn"
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

"O mither, I may not sleep nor stay,
My weird is ill to dree,
For a fause faint lord of the south seaboard
Wad win my bride of me"
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

"The winds are strang, and the nights are lang,
And the ways are sair to ride
And I maun gang to wreak my wrang,
And ye maun bide and bide
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

“ Gin I maun bide and bide, Willie
I wot my weird is sae
Weel may ye get ye a light love yet,
But never a mither mair ”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

“ O gin the morrow be great wi’ sorrow,
The wyte be yours of a’
But though ye slay me that haud and stay me,
The weird ye will maun fa’ ”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

When cocks were crawling and day was dawning,
He’s boun’ him forth to ride
And the ae first may he’s met that day
Was fause Earl Robert’s bride
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

O blithe and braw were the bride-folk a’,
But sad and saft rade she ,
And sad as doom was her fause bridegroom,
But fair and fain was he
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

And winna ye bide, sae saft ye ride,
And winna ye speak wi’ me ?
For mony’s the word and the kindly word,
I have spoken aft wi’ thee ”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

My lamp was lit yestreen, Willie,
My window-gate was wide :
But ye camena nigh me till day came by me
And made me not your bride.”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

He’s set his hand to her bridle-rein,
He’s turned her horse away :
And the cry was sair, and the wrath was mair,
And fast and fain rode they.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

But when they came by Chollerford,
I wot the ways were fell ;
For broad and brown the spate swang down,
And the lift was mirk as hell.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

“ And will ye ride yon fell water,
Or will ye bide for fear ?
Nae scathe ye’ll win o’ your father’s kin,
Though they should slay me here.”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

“ I had liefer ride yon fell water,
Though strange it be to ride,
Than I wad stand on the fair green strand
And thou be slain beside.”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

“ I had liefer swim yon wild water,
Though sair it be to bide,
Than I wad stand at a strange man’s hand,
To be a strange man’s bride ”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

“ I had liefer drink yon dark water,
Wi’ the stanes to make my bed,
And the faem to hide me, and thou beside me,
Than I wad see thee dead ”
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

He’s kissed her twice, he’s kissed her thrice,
On cheek and lip and chin
He’s wound her rein to his hand again,
And lightly they leapt in
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

Their hearts were high to live or die,
Their steeds were stark of limb
But the stream was starker, the spate was darker,
Than man might live and swim
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

The first ae step they strode therein,
It smote them foot and knee
But ere they wan to the mid water
The spate was as the sea
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin

But when they wan to the mid water,
It smote them hand and head
And nae man knows but the wave that flows
Where they lie diowned and dead
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

MODERN BALLADS

THE BALLAD OF DEAD MEN'S BAY

THE sea swings owre the slants of sand,
Ali white with winds that drive,
The sea swirls up to the still dim strand,
Where nae man comes alive

At the grey soft edge of the fruitless surf
A light flame sinks and springs,
At the grey soft rim of the flowerless turf
A low flame leaps and clings

What light is this on a sunless shoic,
What gleam on a starless sea?
Was it earth's or hell's waste womb that bore
Such births as should not be?

As lithe snakes turning, as bright stars burning,
They bicker and beckon and call,
As wild waves churning, as wild winds yearning,
They flicker and climb and fall

A soft strange cry from the landward rings—
“What ails the sea to shine?”
A keen sweet note from the spray's rim springs—
“What fires are these of thine?”

A soul am I that was born on earth
For ae day's wae some span
Death bound me fast on the bourn of birth
Ere I were christened man

A light by right, I fleet and faire
Till the day of wrath and woe,
On the hems of earth and the skirts of air
Winds huil me to and fro ”

“ O well is thee, though the weird be strange
That bids thee flit and flee ,
For hope is child of the womb of change,
And hope keeps watch with thee

“ When the years are gone, and the time is come,
God’s grace may give thce grace ,
And thy soul may sing, though thy soul were dumb,
And shine before God’s face

“ But I, that lighten and ravel and roll
With the foam of the plunging sea,
No sign is mine of a breathing soul
That God should pity me

“ Nor death, nor heaven, nor hell, nor birth
Hath part in me nor mine
Strong lords are these of the living earth
And loveless lords of thine

“ But I that know nor lord nor life
More sure than storm or spray,
Whose breath is made of sport and strife,
Wheron shall I find stay ? ”

“ And wouldest thou change thy doom with me,
Full fain with thee would I
For the life that lightens and lifts the sea
Is more than earth or sky

“ And what if the day of doubt and doom
Shall save nor smite not me ?
I would not rise from the slain world’s tomb
If there be no more sea

“ Take he my soul that gave my soul,
And give it thee to keep ,
And me, while seas and stars shall roll
Thy life that falls on sleep ”

That word went up through the mirk mid sky,
And even to God’s owr ear
And the Lord was ware of the keen twin cry,
And wroth was he to hear

He’s tane the soul of the unsained child
That fled to death from birth ,
He’s tane the light of the wan sea wild,
And bid it buin on earth

He’s given the ghaist of the babe new-born
The gift of the water-sprite,
To ride on revel from morn to morn
And roll from night to night

He’s given the sprite of the wild wan sea
The gift of the new-born man,
A soul for ever to bide and be
When the years have filled their span

When a year was gone and a year was come,
O loud and loud cried they—
“ For the lee-lang year thou hast held us dumb
Take now thy gifts away ! ”

O loud and lang they cried on him,
And sair and sair they prayed
“Is the face of thy grace as the night’s face g^{um}
For those thy wrath has made!”

A cry more bitter than tears of men
From the rim of the dim grey sea,—
“Give me my living soul again,
The soul thou gavest me,
The doom and the dole of kindly men,
To bide my weird and be!”

A cry more keen from the wild low land
Than the wail of waves that roll,—
“Take back the gift of a loveless hand,
Thy gift of doom and dole,
The weird of men that bide on land,
Take from me, take my soul!”

The hands that smite are the hands that spare,
They build and break the tomb,
They turn to darkness and dust and air
The fruits of the waste earth’s womb,
But never the gift of a granted prayer,
The dole of a spoken doom

Winds may change at a word unheard,
But none may change the tides
The prayer once heard is a God’s own word,
The doom once dealt abides

And ever a cry goes up by day,
And ever a wail by night,
And nae ship comes by the weary bay
But her shipmen hear them wail and pray,
And see with earthly sight

The twofold flames of the twin lights play
Where the sea-banks green and the sea-floods gray
Are proud of peril and fain of prey,
And the sand quakes ever, and ill fare they
That look upon that light

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

WE were ten maidens in the green corn,
Small red leaves in the mill-water,
Fairer maidens never were born,
✓ Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens by a well-head,
↓ Small white birds in the mill-water
Sweetest maidens never were wed,
Rings of red for the king's daughter

Thi first to spin, the second to sing,
Seeds of wheat in the mill-water,
The third may was a goodly thing,
White bread and brown for the king's daughter

The fourth to sew and the fifth to play,
Fair green weed in the mill-water,
The sixth may was a goodly may,
White wine and red for the king's daughter

The seventh to woo, the eighth to wed,
Fair thin reeds in the mill-water,
The ninth had gold work on her head,
Honey in the comb for the king's daughter

The ninth had gold work round her hair,
Fallen flowers in the mill-water,
The tenth may was goodly and fair,
Golden gloves for the king's daughter

We were ten maidens in a field green,
Fallen fruit in the mill-water,
Fairer maidens never have been,
Golden sleeves for the king's daughter.

By there comes the king's young son,
A little wind in the mill-water,
"Out of ten maidens ye'll giant me one,"
A crown of red for the king's daughter

"Out of ten mays ye'll give me the best,"
A little rain in the mill-water,
A bed of yellow straw for all the rest,
A bed of gold for the king's daughter

He's ta'en out the goodliest,
Rain that rains in the mill-water,
A comb of yellow shell for all the rest,
A comb of gold for the king's daughter

He's made her bed to the goodliest,
Wind and hail in the mill-water,
A grass girdle for all the rest,
A girdle of arms for the king's daughter.

He's set his heart to the goodliest,
Snow that snows in the mill-water,
Nine little kisses for all the rest,
An hundred fold for the king's daughter

He's ta'en his leave at the goodliest,
Broken boats in the Mill-water,
Golden gifts for all the rest,
Sorrow of heart for the king's daughter

“ Ye'll make a grave for my fair body,”
 Running rain in the mill-water,
“ And ye'll stieek my brother at the side of me,”
 The pains of hell for the king's daughter

THE SEA-SWALLOWS

THIS felt when Christmas lights were done,
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
But before the Easter lights begun,
The ways aie sair fra' the Till to the Tyne.

Two lovers sat where the rowan blows
And all the grass is heavy and fine,
By the gathering-place of the sea-swallows
When the wind brings them over Tyne

Blossom of broom will never make bread,
Red rose leaves will never make wine,
Between her brows she is grown red,
That was full white in the fields by Tyne

“ O what is this thing ye have on,
Show me now, sweet daughter of mine ? ”
“ O father, this is my little son
That I found hid in the sides of Tyne

“ O what will ye give my son to eat,
Red rose leaves will never make wine ? ”
“ Fen-water and adder’s meat ”
The ways aie sair fra' the Till to the Tyne.

“ Or what will ye get my son to wear ? ”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ A weed and a web of nettle’s hair ”
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne

“ Or what will ye take to line his bed ? ”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ Two black stones at the kirkwall’s head ”
The ways aie sair fra’ the Till to the Tyne

“ Or what will ye give my son for land ? ”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ Three girl’s paces of red sand ”
The ways are sair fra’ the Till to the Tyne

“ Or what will ye give me for my son ? ”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ Six times to kiss his young mouth on ”
The ways are sair fra’ the Till to the Tyne

“ But what have ye done with the bearing-bread,
And what have ye made of the washing-wine ?
Or where have ye made your bearing-bed,
To bear a son in the sides of Tyne ? ”

“ The bearing-bread is soft and new,
There is no soil in the straining wine,
The bed was made between green and blue,
It stands full soft by the sides of Tyne

“ The fair grass was my bearing-bread,
The well-water my washing wine,
The low leaves were my bearing-bed,
And that was best in the sides of Tyne.”

“ O daughter, if ye have done this thing,
I wot the greater grief is mine,
This was a bitter child-bearing,
When ye were got by the sides of Tyne

“ About the time of sea-swallows
That fly full thick by six and nine,
Ye'll have my body out of the house,
To bury me by the sides of Tyne

“ Set nine stones by the wall for twain,”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ For the bed I take will measure ten ”
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne

“ Tread twelve girl's paces out for three,”
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)
“ For the pit I made has taken me ”
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne

A FRAGMENT OF A BORDER BALLAD

DUKE Loys is set on his bridge-way,
He held by the hand a right fair may
“ Ye'll give me a knight of little birth,
That is not well six tyrants worth ”

“ Oh, I will have him certainly,
Despite my mother that caſtled me ,
Despite friend, and brother also,
And you, my father, that I love so ”

“ Daughter, put this love aside,
Or in the tower ye maun bide,”
“ I more liefer in the tower abide
Than I would set this love aside ”

“ Put in my daughter out of light,
That she shall think all days be night ”
There was gone out the seventh year
When he went in to talk with her

“ Good morrow, daughter, how faire you ? ”
“ Ill fares it, father, to say true ,
The earth has rotten away my feet,
And the worms have gotten my sides to eat ”

“ Daughter, put thy love aside,
Or in the tower ye must bide ”
“ I had liefer in the tower abide,
Father, than set my love aside ”

THE WEARY WEDDING

O DAUGHTER, why do ye laugh and weep,
One with another?

For woe to wake and for will to sleep,
Mother, my mother

But weep ye winna the day ye wed,
One with another

For tears are dry when the springs are dead,
Mother, my mother

Too long have your tears run down like rain,
One with another

For a long love lost and a sweet love slain,
Mother, my mother

Too long have your tears dripped down like dew,
One with another

For a knight that my sire and my brethren slew,
Mother, my mother

Let past things perish and dead griefs lie,
One with another

O fain would I weep not, and fain would I die,
Mother, my mother

Fair gifts we give ye, to laugh and live,
One with another

But sair and strange are the gifts I give,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give for your father's love ?
One with another
Fruits full few and thorns enough,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give for your mother's sake ?
One with another
Tears to brew and tares to bake,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your sister Jean ?
One with another
A bier to build and a babe to wean,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your sister Nell ?
One with another
The end of life and beginning of hell,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your sister Kate ?
One with another
Earth's door and hell's gate,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your brother Will ?
One with another
Life's grief and world's ill,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your brother Hugh ?
One with another
A bed of turf to turn into,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your brother John ?

One with another

The dust of death to feed upon,

Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your bauld bridegroom -

One with another

A barren bed and an empty room,

Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your bridegroom's friend ?

One with another

A weary foot to the weary end,

Mother, my mother

And what will ye give your blithe bridesmaid ?

One with another

Grief to sew and sorrow to braid

Mother, my mother

And what will ye drinck the day ye're wed ?

One with another

But ae drink of the wan well-head,

Mother, my mother

And whatten a water is that to drav ?

One with another

We maun drae thereof a', we maun drink thereof a',

Mother, my mother

And what shall ye pu' where the well rins deep ?

One with another

Green herb of death, fine flower of sleep,

Mother, my mother

Are there ony fishes that swim therein ?

One with another

The white fish grace, and the red fish sin,
Mother, my mother

Are there ony birds that sing thereby ?

One with another

O when they come thither they sing till they die,
Mother, my mother

Is there ony draw-bucket to that well-head ?

One with another

There's a wee well-bucket hangs low by a thread,
Mother, my mother

And whatten a thread is that to spin ?

One with another

It's green for grace, and it's black for sin,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye strew on your bride-chamber floor ?

One with another

But one strewing and no more,
Mother, my mother

And whatten a strewing shall that one be ?

One with another

The dust of earth and sand of the sea,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye take to build your bed ?

One with another

Sighing and shame and the bones of the dead,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye wear for your wedding gown ?
One with another
Grass for the green and dust for the brown,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye wear for your wedding lace ?
One with another
A heavy heart and a hidden face
Mother, my mother

And what will ye wear for a wreath to your head ?
One with another
Ash for the white and blood for the red,
Mother, my mother

And what will ye wear for your wedding ring ?
One with another
A weary thought for a weary thing,
Mother, my mother

And what shall the chimes and the bell-ropes play ?
One with another
A weary tune on a weary day,
Mother, my mother

And what shall be sung for your wedding song ?
One with another
A weary word of a weary wrong,
Mother, my mother

The world's way with me runs back,
One with another,
Wedded in white and buried in black,
Mother, my mother

The world's day and the world's night,
One with another,
Wedded in black and buried in white,
Mother, my mother

The world's bliss and the world's teen,
One with another,
It's red for white and it's black for green,
Mother, my mother

The world's will and the world's way,
One with another,
It's sighing for night and crying for day,
Mother, my mother

The world's good and the world's worth,
One with another,
It's earth to flesh and it's flesh to earth,
Mother, my mother

When she came out at the huikyard gate,
(One with another)
The bridegroom's mother was there in wait
(Mother, my mother)

O mother, where is my great green bed,
(One with another)
Silk at the foot and gold at the head,
Mother, my mother ?

Yea, it is ready, the silk and the gold,
One with another,
But line it well that I lie not cold,
Mother, my mother

She laid her cheek to the velvet and vail,
One with another,
She laid her arms up under her hair,
(Mother, my mother)

Her gold hair fell through her arms fu' low,
One with another,
Lord God, bring me out of woe !
(Mother, my mother)

Her gold hair fell in the gay reeds green,
One with another
Lord God, bring me out of teen !
(Mother, my mother)

O mother, where is my lady gone ?
(One with another)
In the bride-chamber she makes sole moan
(Mother, my mother)

Her hair falls over the velvet and vail,
(One with another)
Her great soft tears fall o'er her hair
(Mother, my mother)

When he came into the bride's chamber,
(One with another)
Her hands were like pale yellow amber
(Mother, my mother)

Her tears made specks in the velvet and vail,
(One with another)
The seeds of the reeds made specks in her hair
(Mother, my mother)

He kissed her under the gold on her head ,
(One with another)
The lids of her eyes were like cold lead,
(Mother, my mother)

He kissed her under the fall of her chin ,
(One with another)
There was right little blood therein
(Mother, my mother)

He kissed her under her shoulder sweet ,
(One with another)
Her throat was weak, with little heat
(Mother, my mother)

He kissed her down by her breast-flowers red ,
One with another ,
They were like river-flowers dead
(Mother, my mother)

What ails you now o' your weeping, wife ?
(One with another)
It ails me sair o' my very life
(Mother, my mother)

What ails you now o' your weary ways ?
(One with another)
It ails me sair o' my long life-days.
(Mother, my mother)

Nay, ye are young, ye are over fair
(One with another)
Though I be young, what needs ye care ?
(Mother, my mother)

Nay, ye are fair, ye are over sweet
(One with another)

Though I be fair, what needs ye greet ?
(Mother, my mother)

Nay, ye are mine while I hold my life
(One with another)

O fool, will ye marry the worm for a wife ?
(Mother, my mother)

Nay, ye aie mine while I have my breath
(One with another)

O fool, will ye marry the dust of death ?
(Mother, my mother)

Yea, ye are mine, we aie handfast wed,
One with another

Nay, I am no man's , nay, I am dead,
Mothei, my mother

A REIVER'S NECK-VERSE

SOME dic singing, and some die
And weel mot a' they be
Some die playing, and some die praying,
And I wot say winna we, my dear,
And I wot sae winna we

Some die sailing, and some die wailing,
And some die fair and free
Some die flyting, and some die fighting,
But I for a fause love's fee, my dear,
But I foⁱ a fausse love's fee

Some die laughing, and some die quaffing,
And some die high on tree
Some die spinning, and some die sinning,
But faggot and firc for ye, my dear,
Faggot and fire for ye

Some die weeping, and some die sleeping,
And some die under sea
Some die ganging, and some die hanging,
And a twine of a tow for me, my dear,
And a twine of a tow for me

THE KING'S AE SON

Quc' the bracken-bush to the wan well-head,
“ O whatten a man is this man dead ? ”

“ O this is the King's ae son,” quo' she,
“ That lies here dead upon my knee ”

“ What will ye do wi' the King's ae son ? ”
“ The little fishes shall feed him on ”

“ What will ye strew for his body's bed ? ”
“ Green stanes aneath his head ”

“ What will ye gie for his body's grace ? ”
“ Green leaves abune his face ”

“ What will ye do wi' the rings on his hand ? ”
“ Hide them ower wi' stane and sand ”

“ What will ye do wi' the gowd in his hair ? ”
“ Hide it ower wi' rushes fair ”

“ What will he hauc when the hill winds blow ? ”
“ Cauld rain and routh of snow ”

“ What shall he get when the birds fly in ? ”
“ Death for sorrow, and sorrow for sin ”

“ What shall come to his father, the King ? ”
“ Long life and a heavy thing ”

“ What shall come to his mother, the Queen ? ”
“ Grey hairs and a bitter teen ”

“ What to his leman, that garr’d him be slain ? ”
“ Hell’s pit and hell’s pain ”

MAY JANET

“ **S**TAND up, stand up, thou May Janet,
And go to the wars with me ”
He’s drawn her by both hands
With her face against the sea

“ He that strews red shall gather white.
He that sews white reap red,
Before your face and my daughter’s
Meet in a marriage-bed

Gold coin shall grow in the yellow field,
Green corn in the green sea-water,
And red fruit grow of the rose’s red,
Ere your fruit grow in her ”

“ But I shall have her by land,” he said,
“ Or I shall have her by sea,
Or I shall have her by strong treason
And no grace go with me ”

Her father’s drawn her by both hands,
He’s rent her gown from her,
He’s ta’en the smock round her body,
Cast in the sea-water

The captain’s drawn her by both sides
Out of the fair green sea ,
“ Stand up, stand up, thou May Janet,
And come to the war with me ”

The first town they came to
There was a blue bride-cnambu,
He clothed her on with silk
And belted her with amber

The second town they came to
The bridesmen feasted knee to knee,
He clothed her on with silver,
A stately thing to see

The third town they came to
The bridesmaids all had gowns of gold,
He clothed her on with purple,
A rich thing to behold

The last town they came to
He clothed her white and red,
With a green flag either side of her
And a gold flag overhead

A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL. (1716)

THERE's nae mair lands to tyne, my dear,
And nae mair lives to gie
Though a man think sair to live nae mair,
There's but one day to die

For a' things come and a' days gane,
What needs ye rend your hair?
But kiss me till the morn's morrow,
Then I'll kiss ye nae mair

O lands are lost and life's losing,
And what were they to gie?
Fu' mony a man gives all he can,
But nae man else gives ye

Our king wons ower the sea's water,
And I in prison sair
But I'll win out the morn's morrow,
And ye'll see me nae mair

A JACOBITE'S EXILE. (1746)

THE weary day rins down and dies,
The weary night wears through
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
And never a flower wi' dew

I would the day were night for me,
I would the night were day
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,
As now in dreams I may

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France,
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
Gleam goodlier where they glance

O weel we're they that fell fighting
On dark Drumossie's day
They keep their hame ayont the faem,
And we die far away

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
But night and day wake we,
And ever between the sea-banks green
Sounds loud the sundering sea

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
But sweet and fast sleep they,
And the mool that haps them roun' and laps them
Is e'en their countiy's clay ,
But the land we tread that are not dead
Is strange as night by day

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
Though fair as dawn it be
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax blithe to see ?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
As ours at home of old

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
And ours are oversea
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
To try what end might be

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dieeing
Can die, and cannot change

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,
Though sair be they to dree
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
And ill the weary day ,
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,
A waefu' gift gie they ,
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they bring us,
The morn blows all away

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and fain
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide ,
There sounds nae hunting horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born

The Wansbeck sings with all hei springs,
The bents and braes give ear ,
And the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
I may not see nor hear ,
For far and far thae blithe burns are,
And strange is a' thing near

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,
The loud wind there lives free
Nae light comes nigh me oí wind blaws by me
That I wad hear or see

But O gin I were there again,
Afar ayont the faem,
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed
That haps my sires at hame !

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby
And none shall know but the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie

THE BLOODY SON

“O WHERE have ye been the morn sae late,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
O where have ye been the morn sae late ?
And I wot I hae not anither ”
“ By the water-gate, by the water-gate,
O dear mither ”

“ And whatten kin’ o’ wark had ye there to make,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And whatten kin’ o’ wark had ye there to make ?
And I wot I hae not anither ”
“ I watered my steeds with water frae the lake,
O dear mither ”

“ Why is your coat sae fouled the day,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
Why is your coat sae fouled the day ?
And I wot I hae not anither ”
“ The steeds were stamping sair by the weary banks of clay,
O dear mither ”

“ And where gat ye thae sleeves of red,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And where gat ye thae sleeves of red ?
And I wot I hae not anither ”
“ I have slain my brither by the weary waterhead,
O dear mither ”

And where will ye gang to mak your mend,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And where will ye gang to mak your mend ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ The warldis way, to the warldis end,
O dear mither ”

“ And what will ye leave youi father dear,
My meiry son, comc tell me hither ?
And what will ye leave youi father dear ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ The wood to fell and the logs to bear,
For he'll never see my body mair,
O dear mither ”

“ And what will ye leave your mither dear,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And what will ye leave your mither dear ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ The wool to card and the wool to wear,
For ye'll never see my body mair,
O dear mither ”

“ And what will ye leave for your wife to take,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And what will ye leave for your wife to take ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ A goodly gown and a fair new make,
For she'll do nae mair for my body's sake,
O dear mither ”

“ And what will ye leave your young son fair,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And what will ye leave your young son fair ?
And I wot ye hae not another ”

“ A twiggen school-iod fō his body to bear,
Though it garred him greet he'll gct nae mair,
O dear mither ”

“ And what will ye leave you little daughter sweet,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
And what will ye leave your little daughtei sweet ?
And I wot ye hae not another ”
“ Wild mulberries for hei mouth to eat,
She'll get nae mair though it garred her greet,
O dear mither ”

“ And when will ye come back frae roamin',
My meiry son, come tell me hithei ?
And when will ye come back frae roamin' ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ When the sunrise out of the north is comen,
O dear mither ”

“ When shall the sunrise on the north side be,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
When shall the sunrise on the north side be ?
And I wot I hae not anithei ”
“ When chuckie-stanes shall swim in the sea,
O dear mither ”

“ When shall stanes in the sea swim,
My merry son, come tell me hither ”
When shall stanes in the sea swim ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ When birdies' feathers are as lead therein,
O dear mither ”

“ When shall feathers be as lead,
My merry son, come tell me hither ?
When shall feathers be as lead ?
And I wot I hae not another ”
“ When God shall judge between the quick and the dead,
O dear mither ”

THE BROTHERS

THREE were twa brethren fell on strife,
Sweet fruits are sair to gathe^r,
The tane has left his brother of life,
And the wind wears owre the heather

There were twa brethren fell to fray,
Sweet fruits are sair to gather,
The tane is clad in a cloak of clay,
And the wind wears owre the heather

O loud and loud was the live man's cry,
(Sweet fruits aie sair to gather)
"Would God the dead and the slain were I!"
And the wind wears owre the heather

"O sair was the wrang and sair the fray,"
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
"But liefer had love be slain than slay,"
And the wind wears owre the heather

"O sweet is the life that sleeps at hame,"
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
"But I maun wake on a far sea's faem,"
And the wind wears owre the heather

"And women are fairest of a' things fair,"
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
"But never shall I kiss woman mair,"
And the wind wears owre the heather.

Between the birk and the aik and the thorn,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
He's laid his brother to lie forlorn
And the wind wears owre the heather

Between the bent and the burn and the broom,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
He's laid him to sleep till dawn of doom
And the wind wears owre the heather

He's tane him owre the waters wide,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
Afar to fleet and afar to bide
And the wind wears owre the heather

His hair was yellow, his cheek was red,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
When he set his face to the wind and fled
And the wind wears owre the heather

His banes were stark and his een were bright,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
When he set his face to the sea by night
And the wind wears owre the heather.

His cheek was wan and his hair was grey,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
When he came back hame frae the wide world's way
And the wind wears owre the heather

His banes were weary, his een were dim,
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)
And nae man lived and had mind of him :
And the wind wears owre the heather

THE WINDS

O WEARI fa' the east wind,
And weary fa' tne west ,
And gin I were under the wan waves wide
I wot weel wad I rest

O weary fa' the north wind,
And weary fa' the south
The sea went ower my good lord's head
Or ever he kissed my mouth

Weary fa' the windward rocks,
And weary fa' the lee
They might hae sunken sevenscore ships,
And let my love's gang free

And weary fa' ye, mariners a',
And weary fa' the sea
It might hae taken an hundred men,
And let my ae love be

PART I

NOTES TO BALLADS

[*With a few exceptions all the notes in this part are those which Swinburne added to the ballads in question*]

THE DEMON LOVER

Given as in Scott, with four stanzas recovered by Motherwell, and one from Buchan's text. Motherwell believes the ballad to have been made up out of his fragment, if he is right the way this was done is wonderful for delicacy and power, but in spite of his authority, which is worth more than most editors', I believe the beginning and end of Scott's version to be genuine, the last three or four stanzas are as magnificent as any piece of ballad poetry in the world.

WALY, WALY

This poem, though hardly a ballad, was too perfect and too famous to be rejected. Probably it has been a good deal modernized and melted down from the first version, as four lines are said to exist in a MS. of the year 1566. I cannot understand that it should ever have been printed without the half stanza beginning "As I came in by Edinburgh", still less that it should have been taken for a detached fragment of the wretched wordy ballad on a modern historical subject, to which some of its verses have been loosely stuck on with editorial paste or mouth-glue.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE

In Scott's first edition the ballad appears, not indeed pure of remodelled or doubtful verses, but upon the whole in a good condition, except that part of another and very different poem

had been mixed up with it. In all the later editions of the "Minstrelsy" it appears deluged and stifled with modern rubbish of the basest counterfeit fashion, but still retaining a human form. Later editors, feeling that all was not yet done as long as the best verses were spared, have scised, mutilated and turned it out upon the world with no shape left it. The two other versions extant (both given at full in the valuable and careful appendix to Mr Child's first volume, where those who can may look up the various readings which I have here no space for), are decayed and enfeebled by age alone, having suffered no wilful violence at the hands of their writers. I have gathered some few good verses from them, all that appeared to fit well into the genuine text, by their help have here and there recovered the true reading in place of a futile or defective passage. Scott's first text has been my chief guide as may be seen on reference to the "Minstrelsy" of 1803.

Cancelled in the Manuscript

I may give in this place two stanzas which perhaps should not have been rejected, but that there seemed no absolute need of them one following the line "For nat lord that ye hac,"

Then out it speaks her brithet dear,
He meant to do her harm,
There is a herb in Carterhaugh
Will twine you and the bairn

(Should not the word "gravil" a little further on be "savin," which was often used to procure abortions? I did not wish to throw out "gravil" without absolute reason, but have little doubt the other is the right reading) The second rejected stanza occurs just before the stanza beginning "They'll turn me in your arms, Janet," etc.,

My right hand will be gloued, Janet,
My left hand will be bare,
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there

[The following lines were cancelled in the MS. of this ballad and the present readings substituted.—

- (line 26) "A rose but barely thiee "
- (line 27) "When up there started him, young Tamblaine "
- (line 28) "At lady Janet's knee "
- (line 38) "And by the glass-green sleeve , "
- (line 40) "At her he spar'd nae leave " ED]

BONDSEY AND MAISRY

I have followed Buchan for this ballad, adopting from Scott only a stanza or two. Here for once Buchan's version is both shorter and purer than any other I have seen.

THE BONNY HIND

Copied from Scott, with the corrections given by Motherwell. Herd was the first to take down this admirable poem from recitation. The greatness and perfection of it stand out still clearer when set by the side of "Lizzie Wan"—a rougher tho' still noble version of the story. Buchan's ballad of "Castle Ha's Daughter" is a later and feebler form of "The Bonny Hind" worth reference, but hardly worth transcription.

THE EARL OF ERROL

This rather singular poem is historical in subject, but by treatment belongs decidedly to the very rare and valuable class of ballads in which I have ranged it. Buchan, Sharpe and Kinloch have published versions of it, mine is chiefly taken from Kinloch. Buchan, probably from a mistaken idea of congruity, has given only an emasculated text of the ballad before giving it a place. His note on it, however, as well as Kinloch's, is very curious, although not very quotable. "Here" it concludes, "I must let the curtain drop. I would not offend modesty, for Semiramis, Queen of Egypt, could not have said more than did Lady Errol on her husband's trials." For the two last lines of the first stanza as it stands here and in Buchan, Kinloch reads—"The apples they grow red and white, And the pears

they grow green" Both readings are beautiful enough to enforce the insertion of the whole ballad, but I have preferred Buchan's as the likelier. In the fifth stanza (not counting the burden), Buchan reads "To give it to a naughtless lord (an aughtless lord?) That couldna get a son?"—a reading cited for the benefit of people curious in rare words.

[There are two manuscripts of this ballad, the second bearing the title of "Lord and Lady Etrol," and the note "Buchan with Kinloch's reading interlined." The following variants occur in this second manuscript —

And the pears they grow green (line 4),
Lady Etrol lies her lane (line 8),
And mine is Gibbie Kinnaird (line 18),
And her has tane a country lass (line 45),

In a foot-note Swinburne has explained the story of the ballad —

"She wished to divorce her husband for impotency, but failed in her shameful attempts, for after he had undergone the minutest scrutiny before the lords of session, one of the ballads says

And a' the noblemen cried out
That Etrol was a man

She was horribly enraged at this, denying it vehemently, and adding at the same time that Here I must let the curtain drop, I will not offend modesty, for Semiramis, Queen of Egypt, could not have said more (Buchan)"

We have been compelled to omit two stanzas on the ground of extreme impropriety —ED]

Proud LADY MARGARET

I have had some difficulty in recovering and adjusting the scattered pieces of this ballad. Its finest stanzas have been printed by Jamieson as parts of an old version of "Clerk Saunders," where they are utterly incongruous. Mr Child was the first to remark that they belong to the latter part of the present poem as it stood in Scott. The original text, now hope-

lessly lost, must have given a magnificent ballad, what little remains is quite distinct in its beauty and power from the other verses The beginning, which in Scott and Buchan was ugly and corrupt, I have slightly altered by the help of another of the "Clerk Saunders'" versions, as it here stands, I believe it is as near the first text as it is now possible to bring it by the greatest care in collation, but I know of no equally important ballad which has lost so much by time and wearing

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

There are so many old versions of this ballad that it is difficult enough to select out of the multitude anything like a pure and perfect one Percy's is the oldest in form, but it is hardly complete, Motherwell's may rank as next best and the fragment in Herd has been of some use to me I can only give here a few of the most noticeable among the various readings, those interested in the matter I may refer to the separate collections of poems and ballads concerning Hugh of Lincoln, and especially to the admirable one of M Francisque Michel Further fragments are given by Mr Halliwell and Mr Hume, the former being taken from Sir E Brydges' "Restituta", I have taken several stanzas from it, regarding it and the version in the "Reliques" as parts of the one original ballad poem on this subject The ballad agrees thus in Motherwell,

Yesterday was brave Hallowday,
And above all days of the year
The schoolboys all got leave to play,
And little Sir Hugh was there

and thus with slight differences in Herd and Jamieson,

A' the boys of merry Lincoln
Were playing at the ba'
And up it stands him, sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower amang them a'

(Jamieson reads, And he played ower them a')

He tappit the ba' then with his foot
And catched it with his lance,
And through and through the Jew's window
He garr'd the bonny ba' thence

He's done him to the Jew's castle
And walk'd it round about,
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba' to me!"
"Never a bit, says the Jew's daughter,
Till ye come up to me"

Thus in Sir E Brydges' fragment, varying slightly from Percy's first stanzas

It rains, it rains in merry Scotland,
It rains both great and small,
And all the children in merry Scotland
Are playing at the ball

The following stanzas are all that appear to me worth notice among those which could not be included in my text

A schoolboy walking in the garden
Did hear him groan full grievously,
He ran away to the deep draw-well
And fell down on his knee

Says—"Bonnie Sir Hugh and pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me,
If you speak to anybody in this world
I pray you speak to me.

(This latter stanza is twice repeated afterwards by the mother.)

"Put a Bible at my head, he says,
And a testament at my feet,

The earth and worms shall be my bed
Till Christ and I shall meet”

(Motherwell “ And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still asleep ”)

“ Now Lady Maisiy is gane hame,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back of merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet

And a' the bells of merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung ,
And a' the books of meiyy Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue ,
And ne'er was such a burial
Sin' Adam's days begun ”

Before I thankfully rid myself of this drudge's work of picking out stanzas to be sewn together and ticketed, I may add that many of these verses just quoted would have been simply thrown into the text, if the one version had not been so generally incongruous with the other, or if the poem could have been increased in length without suffering in its effects Some indeed of the stanzas given are as beautiful as almost to make tolerable the base labour of annotation and collation

BONNIE BAHOME

A fragment of this ballad is in Jamieson, and a full but corrupt copy in Buchan Rejecting the absurd or futile stanzas to be found in each, I have endeavoured to complete my version by the help of other fragments found afloat on the chaos of Buchan's book, encumbered by incongruous and unlovely admixture of base matter , these I have left exactly as they were, not thinking fit to correct even the evident corruptions “ sea and side ” “ water and side ” The two or three last verses have been appended to at least one other ballad, originally published by

Maidmart, but seem to me as well placed here. There is so much beauty and interest in detached verses of this ballad that I have taken some pains to give it in a better form than it was before current in.

[The original reading "Clerk" for "Lord" in these stanzas was cancelled, except in the 12th, by Swinburne when he revised the ballad.—ED.]

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

My copy of this noble ballad is chiefly taken from Scott's, corrected by Kinloch's and a little enlarged from one of the two fragments first published by Mr. Fry. Kinloch's version is called "Johnie of Cocklesmuir"; a fragment given by Motherwell, containing stanzas to be found in Fry and Kinloch, "Johnie of Braidisbank," and Fry's two versions (first properly divided by Mr. Child), "Johnny Cock." The latter of these opens thus :—

Fifteen foresters in the braid alow,
And they are wondrous fell
To get a drop of John's heart blood
They wad sink a' their souls to hell.
Johnny Cock has gotten word o' this
And he is wondrous keen;
He's casten aff the red scarlet
And on wi' the Linkum green.

Further on :—

He's tane a horn out frae his side
And he blaw baith loud and shrill
Till a' the fifteen foresters
Heard Johnny Cock blow his horn.
They hae sworn a bloody oath
And they were all in one,
There was not a man amang them a'
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

Neither fragment gives the wonderful stanza preserved by Finlay :—

“ There is not a bird in a’ this forest,”

but the following two stanzas instead of it ;

There is not a wolf in a’ this wood

Would have done the like to me ;

She’d have dipped her foot in the cold water

And sprinkled alone my ee ;

And if I would have waked for that,

Would have gone and let me be.

(v.l.-And gin that would not have done,

Would have gane and let me be).

But fingers five save me alive,

And faint heart fail me nought ;

And silver strings, value me sma’ things

Till I get a’ this vengeance wrought.”

Scott’s version is by far the completest, though I think touched a little here and there with modernisms ; no other genuine text that I know of gives any conclusion at all. In Scott the main body of the ballad is also more perfect and clear ; but the most beautiful of the stanzas here inserted are gathered from the fragmentary copies I have classed above.

YOUNG REDIN.

Scott and Kinloch have given the best versions of this ballad ; but Scott’s text is seemingly interpolated and Kinloch’s defective. The lost or cancelled stanzas I have supplied from Buchan’s version, a full and valuable one, though as usual, something the worse for wear, especially at the opening. Two of these various readings I add here ; the one Kinloch’s, the other Buchan’s.

Young Redin’s till the hunting gane
With thirty lords and three,
And he has till his true love gane
As fast as he could hie.

" Ye're welcome here, my young Redin,
For coal and candle-light ;
And sae are ye, my young Redin,
To bide wi' me the night."

" I thank ye for your light, lady,
Sae do I for your coal ;
But there's thrice as fair a lady as thee
Meets me at Brandie's Well."

Lady Maisry forth frae her bower came,
And stood on her tower head ;
She thought she heard a bridle ring
The sound did her heart good.

Another version reads :

She heard a sound of bridle reins
She wished might be for good.

She thought it was her first true love
Whom she loved ance in time,
But it was her new love hunting,
Come frae the hunting of the hind.

For the two last stanzas I have gone to Buchan's text, not without a doubt whether Kinloch's were not better. It is here given that the reader may choose for himself.

Then they've made a big bane fire
The bower-woman to brin' ;
It tookna on her cheek, her cheek,
It tookna on her chin,
But it took on the cruel hands
That put young Redin in.

Then they've tane out the bower-woman
And put the lady in ;
It tookna on her cheek, her cheek,
It tookna on her chin,
But it took on the fause, fause arms
That young Redin lay in.

For keckle-pin (heckle-pin, the tooth of a flax-comb or heckle as the glossaries translate it) Scott reads "hollin green," which is not improbably right. His version has much in it that I have had to leave out, preferring the story as given by later editors. All the authentic copies published of this ballad are given carefully and faithfully by M^r. Child in his third volume, where the reader, if he likes, may hunt up the differences of texts.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

Of this glorious ballad there are about as many versions as verses. I have followed very closely that of Buchan, correcting it by the briefer texts of Herd and Motherwell, which have supplied a few insertions and alterations. I subjoin all the various burdens with which the ballad has been recited. Motherwell's is —

Three, three and three by three,
Three thiee, and thirty three

a burden of such singular beauty that I had almost adopted it in preference to Buchan's, and resigned it at last not without a keen regret.

Kinloch's is —

All alone, and alonie,
Down by the greenwud sae bonnie

Mr. Aytown's is —

Ah Welladay!
The wind gaes by and will not stay

A late version also given by Buchan and called "The Minister's daughter of Newark," alters Kinloch's burden to —

Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

Most of the readings in this text were weakened copies of the first, but towards the end it has a valuable passage not in

any earlier version, and impossible to adopt or work into the original text

“ O bonny babies can ye tell me
What sort o’ death for ye I maun dee ? ”

“ Yes, cruel mother, we’ll tell to thee,
What sort of death for us ye maun dee

“ Seven years a fool i’ the woods,
Hey wi’ the rose and the lindie O’
Seven years a fish i’ the flood,
Alane by the green burn sidie O

“ Seven years to be a church-bell,
Hey wi’ the rose and the lindie O,
Seven years a porter in hell,
Alane by the gien burn sidie O

“ Welcome welcome, fool i’ the wood,
Hey wi’ the rose and the lindie O,
Welcome, welcome, fish i’ the flood,
Alane by the gien burn sidie O

“ Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,
Hey wi’ the rose and the lindie O,
But heavens, keep me out of hell,
Alane by the green burn sidie O

Instead of the 11th and 12th stanzas in my text different versions give the two following —

She has covered them o’er wi’ a marble stane
Thinking she wad gang a maiden hame

It fell ance upon a day,
She saw twa babies at their play,

Another reading of this latter stanza is as follows ,

And when that lady went to church
She spied a naked boy in the porch

The other various readings though plentiful enough are of no great importance to the poem, except that Buchan gives the following after the last stanza in my text :

She threw hersell ower the castle wa', Edinboro',
Edinboro',
Then I wot she got a fa',

This stanza is indeed old, and in itself a good one, but impairs I think the force and weight of the magnificent verse which in some one of its shapes stands last in all other copies. Scott has a corrupt ballad, in the more usual metre, founded on the same matter. The following verses are all of any merit to be gathered in it :—

“ O seven lang years wad I sit here
Amang the frost and snaw
A' to hae but ane o' these bonny boys
A playing at the ba.”—

“ O I will hae the snaw-white boy
The bonniest of the three.”—
“ And if I were thine and in thy propine
O what wad ye do to me ? ”—

“ Beneath the turf whare now I stand
The fause nurse buried me ;
The cruel pen-knife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee.”

I know that this entire ballad of “Lady Anne” is now reputed modern but the raw material of the above six stanzas, patched as they are with modernisms, I believe to be ancient. Those to whom I may seem over careful and precise in gathering up every fragment from any noticeable version of this great poem must be reminded not only of the poetical value and interest of all such shreds and relics, but also of the difficulty felt by man in collecting and comparing the many diverse texts ; a trouble which it is one of the main aims of this book to assist

people in escaping. And indeed in the present case the supreme worth of the poem on all grounds must be so evident as to excuse any labour spent in resetting all scattered and broken pieces of it.

CHILDE WATERS.

I have adopted the South country version of this ballad given by Percy in preference to the various Scotch texts, as being both older and better than any form under which the poem has since appeared. The form, manner and language of a southern ballad are so curiously unlike those in use on the border, that Childe Waters must naturally seem out of place in a collection such as this. Notwithstanding on comparing it with "Burd Ellen" and "Lady Margaret" in Jamieson and Kinloch it appeared so evidently superior that I could not well have preferred any other version.

LIZIE WAN.

This ballad, apart from its own great merit, is interesting compared with "The Bonny Hynd," as giving a similar story cast in rougher type and more broadly tragic in incident. In the other two ballads which touch upon the same matter the note is of a higher pitch throughout, and the language more delicate and careful. Nevertheless, in spite of its brusque abruptness of style, "Lizie Wan" is a valuable poem. The two last stanzas occur with slight differences in "Son Davie" and "The Wood o' Warshir," but it is clear that here at least, they are rightly placed. "Lizie Wan" seems to me pure and incorrupt in language and has, apparently, been very little altered ; if at all, I should say by omission and compression. Herd first published it in his second edition ; I know of no latter collection in which it has found a place.

[There are two manuscript copies of this ballad. The first we quote. In the second, the only differences occur in

the suggested substitution of "felon" for "fallow" and in
the following variants —

"and I'll tell you a reason for why" (line 6)
"and I can shew you why" (line 14) [ED]

THE QUEEN'S MARIE

Except in two stanzas I have followed Scott's version of this ballad all but exactly, I add such various readings only as appear to be of real merit Motherwell in place of Scott's 4th stanza reads —

The Prince's bed it was sae saft,
The spices they were sae fine,
That out of it she could not lie
When she was scarce fifteen

Instead of the stanza beginning

"Queen Marie came tripping down the stair,"
which is taken from Motherwell, Scott reads —

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our good queen
Just at her bed-feet,
Saying "Maic Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I'm sur I hear it greet"

I may just add that for "rings" in the stanza referred to other versions read "strings" and "links." The stanza beginning
"What need ye heck! and how! ladies?"

is taken from Kinloch

Upon the whole I think there can be no question as to the infinite value of Scott's text when set by the side of any other. Not in mere choice of words and metrical power only, but in the tone of the whole poem, it is far superior to the many versions since published. There is a stateliness and completion in it which we miss at once in the pathetic vulgarisms of Kinloch and Motherwell, of Buchan, as of latter editors, I say nothing

That this great ballad relates to Mary Stuart and Darnley

there is of course no doubt, but its actual basis of fact seems of the loosest. A French chambermaid and an apothecary are the culprits brought forward by Knox.

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET

I have followed Buchan almost literally for this ballad, in preference to Jamieson and Aytoun, whose version is comparatively modern and imperfect. Here, as in "Bondsey and Maisay," Buchan's text, torn and spotted as it is here and there by wear of time and corrupt recital, preserves the original type and body of the poem better than that of a more precise and critical editor.

LONG LONKIN

The more usual title of the ballad is "Lammikin," but the name turns up in every fresh version under some novel form of corruption. My text is based mainly on the ordinary texts of Jamieson and Aytoun corrected by a valuable fragment by Child from Richardson's "Borderer's Table-Book." In a ballad so constantly recited the various renderings are of course infinite, many of the extant versions being base and modern.

[In a note at the end of this ballad Swinburne remarks that "the usual version of the stanzas describing Lonkin's entrance is as follows —

But the nourice was a fause limmer,
As ever hung on tree,
She laid a plot wi' Lammikin,
When her lord was ower the sea

She laid a plot wi' Lammikin
When the servants were awa',
Loot him in at a little shot window
And brought him into the ha'.

O where is a' the men of this house, etc "

ED]

THE WATER O' WEARIES' WELL.

This ballad is usually printed as two separate poems, one bearing the above title, the other that of "May Colvin," i.e., Collean. The residue of the first ballads tainted and rent as it is, is so much better than the corresponding part of "May Colvin" that I have followed it as closely as could well be. The usual opinion seems to be that the stories are distinct, I believe them to be the same. Mr Child thinks that in the original "Water o' Wearie's Well" the murderer was a water-kelpie or a woman, Mr Aytoun that the ballad so called (which was first given by Buchan) is a blundering cento made up from various quarters. Both these opinions strike me as untenable. That the real old ballad can be perfectly recovered is indeed past hoping for, but my version, however far off from it in mere form and manner, I regard as one with it in the subject matter. The slight and strained fragments given by Herd and Buchan of two ballads, the one called "Clerk Colvill" and the other (from its burden) "The Gowans sae gay" scarcely bear out the theory of Mr Child who considers "The Water o' Wearie's Well" in its first and genuine form to have been closely akin to them in story. I see no reason to suppose that the traitor of our present ballad was ever a supernatural seducer. For the satisfaction of those students, who like to trace all the varieties of an oral poem I add here six stanzas of "May Colvin" as would not fit into my text. They follow on the stanza which stands fifth with me.

He rode on and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a great river
An arm of a lonesome sea

"Loup aft the steed," says fause Sir John,
Your bridal bed you see
For it's seven king's daughters I've drowned here
And the eight I'll make out wi' thee

“ Cast off, cast off, your silks sae fine
And lay them on a stone,
They are ower good and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea foam

“ Cast off, cast off, your Holland smock
And lay it on this stone,
For it’s ower fine and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea foam ”

“ O turn thee about, thou fause Sir John,
And look to the leaf o’ the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see ”

He’s turned him right and round about
To look to the leaf o’ the tree,
She’s twined her arms about his waist
And thrown him into the sea

These last four stanzas are clearly old, nevertheless the version here given of the catastrophe seems to me later than the one I have adopted To substitute an arm of the sea for “The Water o’ Wearie’s Well” is exactly what might be looked for from a modern reciter.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE

In my text of this ballad, perhaps the most supremely perfect and beautiful of its class, I have closely followed Scott’s version, very slightly altered and enlarged from a copy in Motherwell which has supplied, besides the two last stanzas, those four which define the occupations of the seven (or eight) sons All other various readings which I have seen are mere degradations of the admirable text of Scott

THE KEACH IN THE CREEL

Copied from Mr Whitelaw’s collection Buchan has given

another version beginning "As I gaed down to Colliston" and headed "The Cunning Clerk" Instead of the two stanzas beginning "The auld wife being not weel asleep" this copy reads —

"I dreamed a dreary dream last night,
I wish it binna true
That the robbers had come thro' the wa'
And cutted the coverin' blue"

And again—

"I dreamed a dreary dream last night,
I wish it binna true
That the bonny clerk and your daughter
Were aneath the coverin' blue, blue,
Were aneath the coverin' blue,"

This one, with "Earl Richard's Wedding," "The Jolly Beggar" and "The Earl of Errol" is perhaps almost the only specimen left us of the pure comic ballad, and on that ground valuable, apart from the peculiar merit of its exquisite care, force and humour The style as well as the matter of it is that of a ballad rather than a song, a song, or ballad it is of such admirable excellence that I was glad of any place to warrant its insertion *

THE KNIFE IN THE SHEATH

Of this ballad which is above all comment and beyond all praise, I have only to say that I give it here as it stands in Motherwell, who was the first to publish it, and that seemingly not without certain delicacies of doubt and hesitation difficult enough to understand It is really to be trusted that no such decorous scruple has robbed us of any other poem as valuable The loss of one line from a ballad so perfect in beauty, so pathetic and majestic in noble sweetness of metre would by no means be compensated by the satisfaction given to that shame-

* [Swinburne cancelled the first and more copious draft of these remarks
—Ed.]

ful and scandal seeking of mouth and ear which admits of no great poem or complete work of art

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

This most admirable of all the comic ballads is usually given to King James V of Scotland, who was certainly the hero of it. Its right to a place in all ballad collections is as clear as that of "The Gaberlunzie Man" is doubtful. This latter tho' very well written and effective, falls naturally under the head of songs, it has little incident, is carefully rhymed, and elaborate in metre.

LORD DINGWALL

There is no pure version of this ballad, mine has been carefully constructed from the three texts of Herd, Scott, and Buchan, who alone supplies the burden, in my mind about the chief beauty of the poem. Though not a ballad of any singular merit as a whole, it is worth reprinting in a less corrupt shape than is given in former versions. The text of Scott and Herd may be consulted by those who are curious in small differences.

PART I

ADDITIONAL NOTES

THE YOUNG TAMLANE.

In Scott's *Minstrelsy* this ballad is preceded by a long discourse on the "fairies of popular superstition"

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

Percy suggests that the subject of this ballad was probably founded upon an Italian legend Murryland Town was thought to be Milan Town

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

Kinloch in his "Johnie of Cocklesmuir" repeats the last line of each stanza as a kind of burden, Swinburne follows the example of Motherwell and omits it

THE KNIFE IN THE SHEATH

This has the title in Motherwell's collection "The Broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair" [ED]

PART II

NOTES

BURD MARGARET was probably suggested to Swinburne by Jamieson's "Burd Elkyn" and Buchan's "Lady Margaret"

THERE GOWANS ARF GAY Buchan has a ballad entitled "The Gowans sae gay" and Prof Child has a similar ballad under the title of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" (Vol I)

LORD SCALES although bearing a slight resemblance in its final lines to the ballad entitled "Lord Randal" in Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs" (Vol I, p 162), is quite different and must also be distinguished from the "Lord Randal" of Scott's Minstrelsy

THE WORM OF SPINDELSTONHEUGH recalls the theme of "Kempion" or "Kemp Owyne" See Buchan and Motherwell

LORD SOULIS is the title of a ballad in Scott's Minstrelsy, in the same collection there is a "Lyke-Wake Dirge" and "The Lament of the Border Widow," which no doubt inspired Swinburne to write his "Lord Soulis," "A Lyke-Wake Song," and "The Tyne-Side Widow" The "Widow's Lament" by Thomas Smibert or "The Widow" by Allen Ramsay may also have been suggestive for the last named ballad [ED]

LADY ISABEL

"I have seen no version of this ballad but that in Buchan, which is lax and unequal As it has some beauty, and as the story is original and not without interest, I have given it a place, omitting the last stanza in Buchan as needless, ugly and common by way of conclusion to many modernised ballads" [A C S]

There are two mss of this ballad The second contains the following alterations —

Line 10 "As white as the lily flower,"

- Line 13* "Mother "
- Line 48* "That is prepared for me "
- Line 52* "This woman's prepared for thee "
- Lines 53-56* are missing
- Line 71* "a brooch "
- Line 72* "a ring "
- Lines 79-82* Slowly to the bower she came
And slowly enter'd in ,
And being fu o' courtesie
Says—"Begin, mother, begin "
- Line 89* "cosy lips "
- Line 96* "Amang the angels fine ,

In place of the last six lines the second Ms reads :

" Nae moan was made for Lady Isabel
In bower where she lay dead ,
But a' was for that ill woman,
In the fields mad she gaed "

EARL ROBERT

(Four lines deleted between the 9th and 10th stanzas)

Gin I may win to ye, Annie,
I think ye'll keep me well
I were the liefer of you, Robert,
But fo'r the doors of shut steel

[ED]

PART III

NOTES

A JACOBITE'S EXILE, A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL These ballads may have been inspired by the "Jacobite Relics" of Hogg

THE KING'S AE SON There is a mention of an "ae son" in Scott's *Minstrelsy* ("Prince Robert")

MAY JANET In the first series of "Poems and Ballads" these verses are described as "Breton" but the ballad has no connection whatever with "Breton" folk-lore

Jenny or Janet was a favourite name in Border balladry. There is in the ballad collection of Robert Gilfillan, the title "Janet and Me," while Swinburne himself in "Lord Soulis" has the line,

"Out then spake May Janet's brother,"

Janet is also a name in "The Young Tamlane" [Ed.]

GLOSSARY

Abenc (to let alone)	to let alone
ahint	behind
aik	oak
aith	oath.
aits	oats
arow (arrow)	angry.
ask	newt
awry	uneven, distorted
bale	beacon-fire
bauld	bold
bearing-bread	bread used in celebration of a birth
ben	inner room.
bent	open field, coarse
benty	covered with coarse or dried grass
bidene	suffering, bearing.
bigged	built
billie	love
birk	birch tree
bout	leap, spring
boun	ready
bouted	sifted
brake	fern, thicket.
brast	burst
bree	eyebrow.
brigg	bridge
britted	killed and cut up
broo	broth
burd	maid

busk	to deck, dress
but and	and also
captive	captive
carknet	necklace
carle	old man
carlie	little man
carline	old woman
cavils (to cast)	lots (to cast)
champaign	open country
chuckie-stanes	small stones used in a game
clraith	cloth
cledding	clothing
cleek	iron hook
clerk	clerk
clip	to clasp
clout	patch, mend, strike
cod	cushion or pillow
coft	bought
coil	bundle of hay, noise, fuss
colled	cut obliquely
corks	cork heels for shoes.
crack	to chat, boast
craw	to crow
creel (creil)	basket or hamper
croup	to make a hoarse noise.

dail (daill)	intercourse
dang	flung
daubing	shame, smearing
daw	to dawn
dead	death
den	valley
ding	to kill, overthrow
dole	doxy
doo	dove

dool	<i>see</i> “dule.”
douk	to dive, search for.
dowie	dreary, melancholy.
drae	to draw.
dree	to pine, endure.
drumlie	dark, foreboding.
duddies	tatters.
dulé	sorrow.
eebree	eyebrow.
eke	to add to, to lengthen.
esk	<i>see</i> “ask.”
erlish	ghastly.
fallows	fearful.
farder	further.
fee	wages ; (adj. predestined ; on the verge of death).
fell	crag, field.
fey	unfortunate.
filed	defiled.
filng	defiling.
fleet	to float or flow.
flour	floor.
flur	to scatter, fly up.
flyting	scolding, brawling.
forbye	beyond, aside.
fordone	exhausted, ruined.
gad (of airn)	bar of iron.
gair	<i>see</i> “gare.”
gánging	wandering.
gar	to make, cause.
gare	a piece of cloth inserted in a robe.

garth	a meadow
gate	way, gate
gay	pretty
gear	spoil
gin	if
gowan	wild daisy
gowd	gold
grathed	dressed
greet	to cry, sob
grewhound	grey hound
ha'	hall, manor house
halse	to embrace
halse-bane	neck bone
halp	to help
hantle	much, a considerable number
hap	to wrap up from the cold or rain
hasp	to fasten with a cloth
haud	hold
hawse	to embrace
heal	to conceal, defend
heck	to pant
hunny	honey
hirtle	to run or walk as if lame
hollin	holly
honey-brap	drop of honey, term of endearment
hooly	gently
how	to tarry, linger
howk	to dig, burrow
huly	slowly
intill	into
kane	tithe or tribute paid by fairies and witches to their master the devil

keach	catch, commotion
keckle-pin	tooth of a flaxcomb
ken	to know
kel	net work, film
kevul	<i>see "cavils"</i>
kilt	to tuck up
kirtle	gown
kist	a box, chest
knappies	knobs
laidly	loathly
laigh	low
lauchter	lock of hair
lane	alone
leai	learning
lecland	grass-land, open or untilled ground
leman	lover
liefer	rather
lig	to put down
lily	yellow
lin	ledge
ling	thin long grass
loun	rascal, rogue
loup	to leap
lout	to stoop
lyke-wake	a watch over a dead body
maik (make)	companion, match
malison	curse
mane (to make a)	to complain, lament.
marl	earth or clay used as manure
may	maid, girl
maw	to mow
mealpock	beggar's mealbag
mean (to make)	to moan, lament

mend	expiation, atonement
mickle	very much
murk	dark
moanand	groaning
mool	soft earth
mote	stain
mould	earth, grave
muckle	great
muir	moor
musk	moss
neist	next
nether	lower
ower, owre	over
owsen	oxen
pall	any fine or rich cloth
pearlin	kind of lace
pike	to pull out
pile	tender blade, twig
pillow-bere	pillow cover
pine	pinning
pore (por)	hole caused by sword, or knife thrust
prim	to pin up hair, etc
prink	to deck
propine	power of giving
published	proclaimed
quit (queet)	coat
rank	heavy (rain)
rape	rope
ravelled	entangled
reck	track or trace

rede	counsel.
rig	ridge or path.
rine	to touch ; ditch.
roup	to make a hoarse sound, to cry.
routh	abundance ; plentiful.
row	to roll.
sabelline	sable.
sained	hallowed, blessed.
scraith	damage.
scale	dismiss, spill, scatter.
scart	breeze.
scoup	to accompany.
scour	to clean by rubbing.
scrogs	stunted trees.
seen (seyne)	sinews.
— (seyn)	consecrated parts.
selle	saddle.
sendal	thin silk or linen.
shatwindow	low window or one opening outwards and upwards.
shaw	wood.
shearing	reaping time.
sheen	to shine.
shouther	shoulder.
siccan	such.
side	hanging low.
siller	silver.
sing	to singe.
slae-thorn	black-thorn.
sowm	to swim.
spale	wooden cup.
spar	to bolt (in "Wearieswa"—made of)
spate	flood.
speir	to ask, question.
spoke	bar.

spune	spoon
stand (of milk)	vessel containing milk, stall
stark	strong
streek	to lay out a dead body
strik	strike
syne	afterwards
tauld	told
tane (the)	the one
teen	sorrow, anger
teind	see "kanc"
thae	these
tharben	inner apartment
thairbut	outer apartment
thole	to suffer, bear
thretty	thirty
tirl	to turn the handle of the latch
tow	to pull
twal'	twelve
twine	to part, sever
tyne	to lose
unco	unknown
vails	servant's gratuity
vair	kind of fur, squirrel's skin
vervein	plant accredited with efficacy in love
wa'	wall
wad	pledge, wage
waefu'	pitiful, woeful
wale	to choose
waly	alas!
ware	to expend
warsle	struggle

wean	child, infant
web	covering.
weed	dress, clothes
weel-fauied	good-looking
ween	to fancy, boast,
weet	wet
weuld (wield)	fate, destiny
whin	goise, fuse
whinstone	hard stone, toad-stone
widc	to wade
wight	swift, courageous
win	to proceed, arrive
wonneth	to dwell
wonning	dwelling
wot	to know
wrask	vengeance, anything oval-shape.
wrade	kind of seaweed.
wyte	blame
yett	gate, door

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